HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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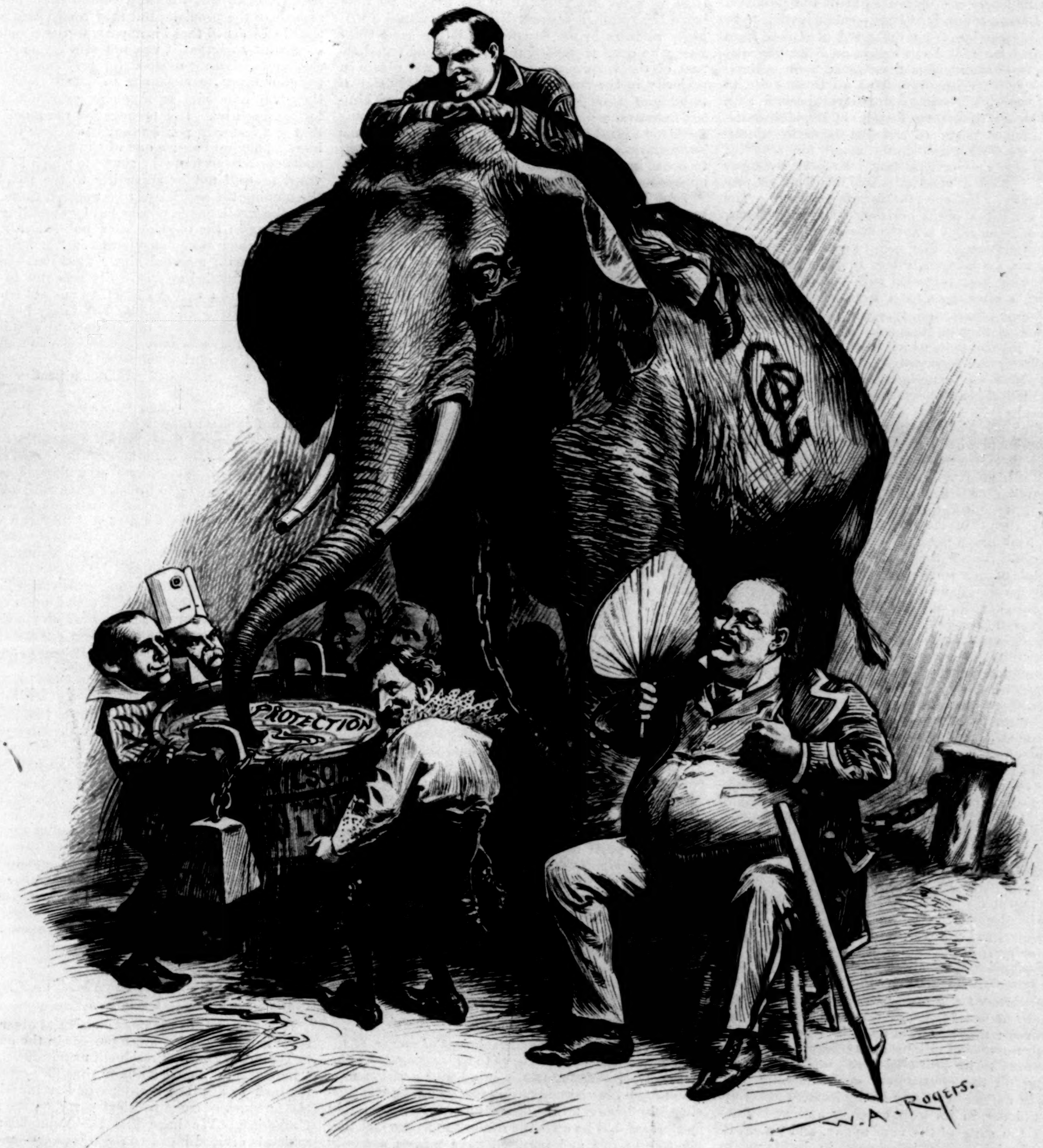

WHAT DO THE BOYS EXPECT?

Ex-Speaker Reed. "Fill him up, boys, and we will see that you are let in on the ground floor."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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SENATOR GORMAN.

THERE could be no more grotesque illustration of the miseries of the Democratic party than the tariff speech recently delivered by Senator Gorman of Maryland, considering the fact that Mr. Gorman has been permitted to become the leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate. He spoke not only in the tone of a leader, but of a prophet. These were his opening words: "Mr. President, we are nearing the end. After twenty years of political progress, of positive growth, of constant development, and of universal enlightenment, the Democratic party and the American people are within sight of the promised land. Emancipation is at hand—emancipation from partisan oppression, from the greed of classes, from extortion, from wilful extravagance, from financial fantasy, from spoils, from restrictions upon individual liberty, from jingoism, from all those evils, in brief, which the Democratic party inherited as a hateful legacy from three decades of Republican administration. Years of arduous labor by unselfish and patriotic men cannot count for nothing. Fruition is as inevitable as fate. I repeat, it is near at hand." And in closing he said, in the same prophetic strain: "Patience, forbearance, courage. The shadow is not that of the horizon. Now, of all times, the sun of Democracy is at the meridian."

Such utterances, if they mean anything, can only be designed to make us believe that the Democratic party, having been intrusted with power after long struggles, is effecting a most wonderful revolution in our public affairs, and, supported by the popular confidence, is now on the point of ridding this republic of all the evils which have cursed it, by one great historic achievement. And Mr. Gorman, of course, wishes us to understand that this amazing consummation is all owing to the profound wisdom of his leadership.

Turning now from this gorgeous picture drawn by Mr. Gorman to what every candid observer knows to be the facts, we must ask ourselves whether Mr. Gorman is himself a hopeless and pitiable victim of self-deception, or whether he is a shameless mountebank making sport of his own victims with insolent mockery. For everybody that has eyes to see and ears to hear and a mind to understand knows that "now, of all times," the "sun of Democracy," if we may speak of any such sun at all, is clouded over with far deeper gloom than it was in the dark minority days. How was the Democratic party, after many years of struggle, intrusted with power? The Democratic party itself could not command a majority of votes. But there were, outside of its ranks, men enough who, tired of the abuses grown up under Republican rule, generously accepted Democratic promises of good government and furnished the votes for the election of a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. They were promised civil service reform, a sound financial policy, and tariff reform. What do we now behold? A party in power filling the air with a roaring clamor for spoils, and subjugating to its barbarous greed the good intentions of its President. A majority of the Democratic members of Congress insidiously striving to bring upon the country the curse of the silver standard. A tariff reform bill, originally tame enough, disfigured beyond recognition by Democratic intriguers in the Senate, until the sincere tariff-reformer regards it only with disgust.

There is, then, not only no "sun of Democracy at the meridian," but a Democratic party that has bitterly disappointed its allies, who generously trusted it and helped it into power; that has disappointed, too, the sincerest and most patriotic of its own members, until many of them see no other salvation than open revolt; that is looked upon by a constantly increasing number of citizens as heedless of its pledges, treacherous to its professed creed, and incapable of carrying on the government—a Democratic party that is in danger of utterly losing its self-respect and its confidence in its own capacity and good faith. This is the state of the case to-day, and unless the seemingly impossible intervenes in its favor, the Democratic party will be buried at the next election under phenomenal majorities, for there are tens of thousands of public-spirited citizens who, having recently supported it, will take especial delight in administering to it the most drastic discipline for its bad faith and imbecility.

Who is responsible for this state of things? Among the evil spirits who brought the party to this pass, Mr. Gorman himself stands easily foremost. He speaks now of "emancipation from spoils." But there is no more inveterate spoils politician in public life than he. As he owes his elevation to the organization of mercenary henchmen fed with public plunder, so he maintains himself by the same means. It was he who first discredited Mr. Cleveland's first administration by forcing into one of its conspicuous places one of the most repulsive of his heelers, and there is no bitterer enemy to every anti-spoils measure in Congress than he. He speaks of "emancipation from financial fantasy." But it was he who, in the fight against the force bill, needlessly burdened his party with a seeming obligation to the free-coinage men; and it was he who with his dark management came very near defeating the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase act in the Senate. He speaks of "emancipation from the greed of classes." Yet it was he who, when the tariff reform bill came before the Senate, encouraged—it will not be unjust to say, who organized—the greed of protected interests against it, who himself represented the greed of such interests, and who, on the pretence that the bill could not pass the Senate without satisfying that greed, artfully emboldened the obstructors of its passage. It is in vain for Mr. Gorman to say that at no time could the original Wilson bill have obtained a majority of votes in the Senate. It is the same Gorman who once pretended that the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase act could not obtain a majority in the Senate. This was glaringly shown to be false when President Cleveland proved himself immovable; and a majority would have come forth for a good tariff reform bill had the refractory Democratic Senators been boldly and openly brought to book, instead of being confirmed in their greedy opposition by Mr. Gorman's subterranean trickery.

Thus Mr. Gorman's own treacherous conduct has been one of the principal obstacles to the accomplishment of those things of which he speaks with such absurd boastfulness. It is a satisfaction to think that this man is now sufficiently known to be no longer seriously thought of for the Presidency by anybody except himself. But if the Democratic party wishes to preserve any chance of redemption and usefulness it cannot too quickly and too emphatically repudiate this underground schemer, whose perfidious leadership in the Senate is doing more than anything else to ruin it.

A SHORN SAMSON.

No attentive observer of the course of public events can fail to be struck with one great contrast between the political situation now and the political situation eight years ago. To say it in the fewest words, the President of the United States was then a commanding factor in the situation, and now he can scarcely be said to be a factor at all. A Senator from Colorado did, indeed, twit the Democratic Senators the other day with having taken both their silver policy and their tariff policy from Mr. Cleveland rather than from the Democratic platform, but the absurdity of the imputation in respect to the tariff policy was quite evident. It is true that Mr. Cleveland forced the tariff issue upon his party, to the disgust of many of its members and the consternation of more. Thereby he made himself its logical candidate in 1888, and again in 1892. Now that he is President again, it is his place as the leader of his party to hold it to the pledges which he induced the party to make as its surest means of returning to power. It would be a gross libel upon him to pretend that he regards the measure now pending in the Senate as to any decent or plausible extent a fulfilment of those pledges. The alternative supposition is that he has not been able to impress upon the Senators of his own party the necessity of fulfilling the pledges upon which the party obtained power. He is no longer, as he was eight years ago, the leader of his party. He is not, we repeat, an appreciable factor in the political situation. The hopes that tariff-reformers placed in him have been frustrated. It may, indeed, be said of him, as Milton makes the hero of *Samson Agonistes* say of himself:

> "Promise was, that I
> Should Israel from Philistia's yoke deliver;
> Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
> Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
> Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke."

The causes of this remarkable loss of power, of influence, of leadership, deserve to be investigated. Apparently Mr. Cleveland is in a better position now to enforce his views upon his party than he was during his former term. Then he was comparatively unknown, but he owes his re-election to the fact that he was known and trusted by the masses, not only of his own party but of the people at large. He had a clear popular "mandate," as the current phrase goes, to carry out the reform of the tariff which was balked in his first term by no fault of his or of his party's. When he took the Presidency for the second time his personal ambition had been gratified to the full. An unbroken tradition prevented him from looking beyond the second term. He had no temptation to do aught else than to seek a great and honorable fame by rendering solid and lasting public service. The service which his party and a majority of the voters looked to him to render was to secure the reform of the tariff, and this is the service which he has shown himself impotent to render.

The explanation of the change is not far to seek. It has been a change in Mr. Cleveland's own method. We are quite willing to believe, and indeed there is no reason to doubt, that his interest in tariff reform is as ardent and as pure as ever, and that consequently he views with disgust the situation which he is helpless to retrieve or to affect. It is in large part a situation of his own making. He is helpless because he has abandoned the methods of his first term, and has become a politician. He won his high and unique place in American politics because it was his practice to appeal to public opinion, and he did not appeal in vain.

Doubtless the politicians of his own party hated him. They followed him reluctantly in the new issue he had raised, but they followed him. They nominated him reluctantly, but they nominated him. They hated him, but they feared him. They hated him because his ways were not as their ways, not the arts of conciliation and combination, but plain appeals to the people. But they feared him because they had learned that his appeals to the people were successful, and that it was not safe for any Democratic politician who hoped for preferment through popular favor to endeavor to defeat them. Now they may hate him as much as ever, but they no longer fear him. It is perhaps not too much to say that as a factor in politics they have come to despise him for having become one of themselves. He has endeavored to promote the causes to which he had devoted himself not by appealing to the people, and threatening the politicians who opposed those causes with the wrath of the people, but by appealing to the politicians in the old-fashioned politician's way, by placating them with consulates and "bringing them into line" with marshalships. That he should employ these untried arts skilfully was not to be expected, and, as a matter of fact, he has not employed them skilfully. The public has lately had an opportunity of appraising the Democratic members of the United States Senate. A considerable number of them have devoted themselves to the surreptitious injection into the tariff bill of protective amendments in which they had a local or a personal interest, and those of them who opposed this course have not exposed those who resorted to it. To undertake to placate these people with offices is like trying to satiate the daughters of the horse-leech. Of course they will take whatever a President has to bestow who is trying to forward some measure which he believes to be for the public advantage; but they will not help him to forward it if they can discern any private advantage in the opposite course. They feel, however, that by becoming a politician their enemy has delivered himself into their hands. He has deprived himself of the one great power he had—the confidence of the people, founded upon the very fact that he was not a politician, which enabled him successfully to appeal to the people against the politicians. The locks of Samson are shorn, and he is no longer terrible to the Philistines—

> "Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke."

These things must be evident to the President himself. It must be plain to him that the change he has made in his second term from the methods of his first term has been a mistaken change, and has operated greatly to lessen his influence with Congress and his strength with the country. In virtue of his office he is the leader of his party, and he cannot escape a large share of the responsibility for the failure of the party to redeem the pledges upon which it regained power. It is still open to him to retrieve in part the mistake that he has made, and the retracing of his steps ought to be made easier by the consciousness he must share with his fellow-citizens that, up to date, his second administration must be classed as a failure.

THE NECESSITY OF ANTI-TAMMANY UNION.

It is apparent to the most superficial observer that there is danger of too much politics in the opposition to Tammany Hall. Prominent men in nearly all the "movements" that have been thus far organized are inclined to advance some particular individual, or the fortunes of some political party, on the ruins of Crokerism. We have first the Republican party, which is divided into two organizations—one directed by Platt, and the other by the Committee of Thirty. The Platt organization is naturally an ally of Tammany, and therefore proposes to do all in its power to prevent its defeat, for there would be nothing in politics for Platt and Milholland and their "boys" if Tammany were driven out of power.

The Germans have an association of their own. The principal Democratic organization opposed to

Tammany is the New York State Democracy, of which Mr. **Charles S. Fairchild** is the head. There are several other Democratic organizations, but they are of comparatively small importance. The Germans are thoroughly well organized; their leader, Mr. **Herman Ridder**, is a man of great energy, influence, and political capacity. The enrolment of the New York State Democracy is very large, and includes many hundreds of active Tammany men who have become disgusted with Tammany methods, fearful of the consequences of continuing in the Tammany membership, angry at **Croker**'s unseemly display of wealth, or who for other reasons, good or bad, have broken with the organization.

The men who have most influence in the State Democracy are sincere and earnest municipal reformers, and intend, whatever may be the consequences to themselves, to drive Tammany's corrupt crew out of politics. As much may be said of the Committee of Thirty, and of the Germans, who have abandoned all party affiliations in municipal matters, and who are disposed to carry their non-partisanship even into State politics. These organizations have shown no sign of coming together, and it is quite possible that the German association does not think of making a nomination for Mayor unless no one is nominated who will command the confidence of its members. It is clear that the other two organizations count among their prominent members, perhaps among their leaders, men who are thinking too much of Federal politics in connection with the crisis in the affairs of the city. While they would not consciously sacrifice the welfare of the city to their views on national politics, there is, nevertheless, great danger that they will permit themselves to drift into a partisan warfare in which passions will be enlisted to the serious injury of the cause which all good citizens have at heart.

There is no doubt that the union of the Committee of Thirty, the State Democracy, and the German association would result in the overwhelming defeat of Tammany Hall. **Platt** and the various Democratic revolts that have not joined the State Democracy could not divert enough votes to save the "Hall." It is high time that such a union was made. Every day of delay is fraught with danger, for it is promotive of partisanship. The great majority of the people of New York who are opposed to Tammany do not care whether the Mayor is a Republican or a Democrat, so long as he is honest, able, and fearless, none of which virtues can a Tammany man possibly have, for even if he is really able, his ability cannot be at the service of the city so long as he is under the domination of **Croker** or some other boss. The party, club, association, or individual who is the first to recognize that the best preparation for success in the municipal contest will be the putting aside of partisanship will win the first honors of an anti-Tammany victory. Whoever stands out against union and for a partisan candidate and campaign must be counted an ally of Tammany Hall, and he is no better who is willing to take the chances of defeating Tammany with divided forces. The people of New York do not want to gamble for Tammany's defeat, but to be assured of it.

THE DANGER OF THE MONEY QUESTION.

One of the remarkable phenomena of American politics is the utter lack of foresight which characterizes the framing of policies, and even the making of laws. Everything seems to be done for the moment. No account is taken of the future. Popular passions, outcries, movements, are dealt with as if they could be finally disposed of by trickery and subterfuge, as if they were not lasting and strong currents that gather force and impetus by progression and by every obstacle that they overcome. If the demands of the people can be denied for the day, the politicians congratulate themselves as though they had disposed of a wild beast by hiding in the bushes. Nor are the politicians alone in their happy opportunism. Business men, whose management of their private affairs is marked by prudence and foresight, are guilty of the hand-to-mouth policy in dealing with the legislation that affects commerce, and that is of vital importance, as it affects the medium by means of which all trade is conducted.

The political situation at Washington is graver than is imagined by most of those who are struggling for or against a reform of the tariff. The most serious question in our politics is still the money question. Primarily it was symptomatic, but the disease it represented has been permitted to go untreated for a long time, and the symptom is likely to become the leading feature of a general diagnosis. If the protected interests had been wise, they would not have permitted the money question to assume the threatening proportions which now make it a danger to them and to every business and financial interest in the country. If they had maintained the wise policy which some of them adopted about 1870, when they voluntarily assented to a proposed reduction of rates of duty because they thought that the war tariff could not be maintained, and if they had influenced their representatives in Congress to vote for gradual reductions of tariff taxes, it is more than likely that silver monometallism, the cry against the payment of interest on bonds, anti-national-bank prejudices, and all fiat money schemes would never have attained the great importance that now attaches to them. For all these assaults upon the credit and money of the country are the outcome of discontent, and at the base of this discontent is the feeling that the agricultural producers and the consumers of the country generally are unjustly and unequally taxed for the enrichment of a favored few, whose factories are in the East. Justly or unjustly, this has aroused and stimulated a feeling in the cotton and wheat producing States against the East. Disappointment on the repeated failures to obtain lower tariff taxes has made it easy for demagogues and fanatics to lead men after other panaceas, especially those that involve an assault upon accumulated capital, which, like the manufacturing industries, are generally, if improperly, alluded to as "the East."

The failure of the Democratic party to keep its promise—a failure that now seems inevitable—is likely to plunge the country into a campaign on the money question. If the Democratic party accept the pending bill, which is but another form of McKinleyism, the country, or that part of it which is especially interested in a reform of the tariff, will, for a time at least, follow the party's example, and will drop the struggle for lower duties. This is the danger which is threatening the country, and which is troubling the minds of the few men at Washington who are capable of looking ahead. In the mean time the protected manufacturers, through their allies in the Senate, with a blind folly that is wellnigh incredible, are doing their utmost to baffle the will of the people as it was expressed in the Democratic majorities of 1890 and 1892. They are not only inviting tariff destruction in place of tariff reform, but they are actually stimulating the already existing disposition to wage a money war that will threaten the stability of all industries, protected or otherwise, and even the government itself. That there is cause to fear this danger is known to men in Washington who are in a position to learn the real feeling of the great agricultural States. If McKinleyism is to be a permanent institution of the country through Republican policy and Democratic treachery, the people who for years have expected relief from a reduction of tariff taxes will try some other method. Their first thought is that the relief can be obtained by cheapening money.

It will not be well for the country if the coming Congressional election and the next Presidential election are contested on the money issue. It will be a contest not between gold monometallism and silver monometallism, nor between the gold standard and bimetallism, but between sound money and fiat money. No matter how the struggle ends, its mere existence will be fraught with evil to the substantial interests of the country. It will make its appearance in the conventions of both parties, and cheap-money notions would be nearly if not quite as strong in a general convention of the Republican as in an assemblage of the Democratic party, for it must be remembered that inflation first triumphed in a Republican Congress, and that Democratic financial fallacies have been based on a general notion that silver is as much "hard money" as gold. However that may be, the spectacle of a serious struggle in behalf of fiat money in the conventions of the two parties would disastrously affect the credit of the government and the business interests of the country.

If campaigns on this issue are to be avoided, some other issue must be kept prominent, and the only possible issue is that of tariff reform. The protected interests are not to be appealed to in this behalf. The bounty which they receive to-day blinds them to the prospects and dangers of the future. But the Democratic revenue-reformers may save the country from the disasters of a campaign about money by insisting on the maintenance of the issue of reform, and on driving all protectionists from the party. The welfare of the country requires that the popular demand for tariff reform shall be heeded, and not stifled or checked or thwarted in any way. That issue being won, and the reform honestly carried out, the money fallacies of the present will disappear to the limbo where their precursors have been long concealed.

FIX THEIR OWN SALARIES.

One of the most remarkable features of the management of our postal system is that nearly all of the postmasters of the country fix their own salaries. They are not permitted to draw any amount that pleases them, but they make the returns to the department without supervision, on which returns their compensation is based. The postmasters who are paid in this way are the "fourth-class" postmasters—the men whose compensation is less than $1000 per annum. When the compensation of a postmaster reaches $1000 a year, his office is raised to the "Presidential" class. The fourth-class postmasters are appointed by the Postmaster-General without the "advice and consent" of any one. Postmasters of the first, second, and third classes are appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. At the beginning of this year there were 68,806 post-offices in the United States, and of these 65,382 were of the fourth class.

The postmaster appointed by the President draws a fixed salary. At one time all of the postmasters drew fixed salaries. But the sudden growth of very small towns made readjustments of salaries at these towns so frequent that Congress determined on an elastic compensation, to be proportioned to the business transacted at the office. According to this arrangement, if the business of an office was twice as heavy in the latter part of the year as it was in the first part, the postmaster's compensation would be increased proportionately. At first this sliding scale of compensation was based on the sales of stamps. But this offered many temptations to dishonesty. Postmasters would sell large quantities of stamps at a discount so as to realize a commission on them. They would use the stamps in making purchases, and then credit their offices with the sale of them. In particular they would send the stamps to newspapers to pay for subscriptions, which they solicited; and there was a standing advertisement in most of the big newspapers some years ago offering stamps for sale in any quantity. No doubt some of the newspapers sold stamps at a discount.

The new system gives the postmaster in the country office a commission on the amount of stamps which he cancels. That is, he is paid according to the amount of business which goes through his office. But in supervising the returns from 65,000 offices the Post-office Department must rely on the honesty of the postmaster. It cannot keep a force of inspectors at work overseeing the cancellations at the small offices. The postmaster keeps an account of the value of the stamps he cancels each day, and makes returns under oath to the Post-office Department. His compensation is calculated on the basis of the business reported. If the cancellations for a quarter (three months) amount to $50 or less, the department pays him a commission of 100 per cent. On the next $100 the commission is 60 per cent., on the next $200, 50 per cent., and on all above that, 40 per cent., until the percentage aggregates $250. Theoretically the amount of business at a post-office fixes the postmaster's compensation, practically he fixes it for himself.

In addition to the income from cancellations the fourth-class postmasters have a small income from the sale of waste paper and dead printed matter and from box rents. Under the law of 1883 the fourth-class postmaster furnishes boxes for the post-office, which are turned over to his successor as the property of the government. The box rents belong to the postmaster.

SUBJUGATING A HUSBAND.

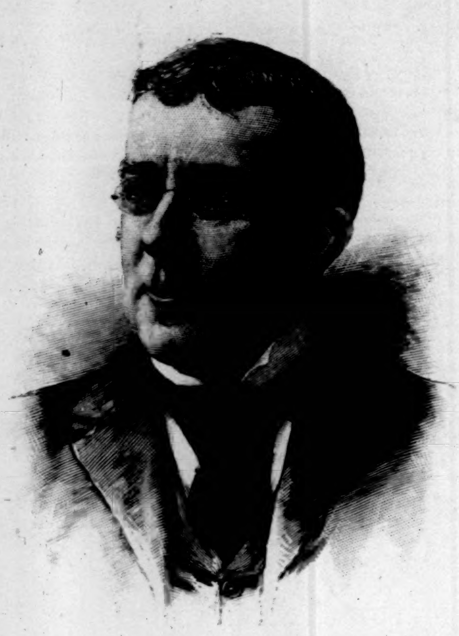
It may be one of those inexplicable popular delusions, but it has long been a firm belief among the general public that the Brooklyn man has an awkward and unfortunate way of getting on with the Brooklyn woman. It might be hard to convince an unintelligent jury beyond the possibility of an unreasonable doubt that the Brooklyn man has more trouble with the opposite sex than, say, the Jersey City man, but the belief that he does exists and grows. Certainly there is one palpable and notorious fact, namely, that Brooklyn is the only place in the country where the writ of *habeas corpus* is a recognized adjunct of courtship.

In fact, thrice armed is the Brooklyn young man during the delicious days of his wooing; there are the *habeas corpus* for his bride, the *replevin* for her trousseau, and the *mandamus* for the obnoxious rival. Few Brooklyn young men, we are told, begin their courtship without retaining a good lawyer. Backed by the strong arm of the law, the Brooklyn man's tumultuous wooing too often leads to a married state of tempest and swelling uproar, as witness the recent instance of a Mr. **Dawrez**, as brought to light in the daily press.

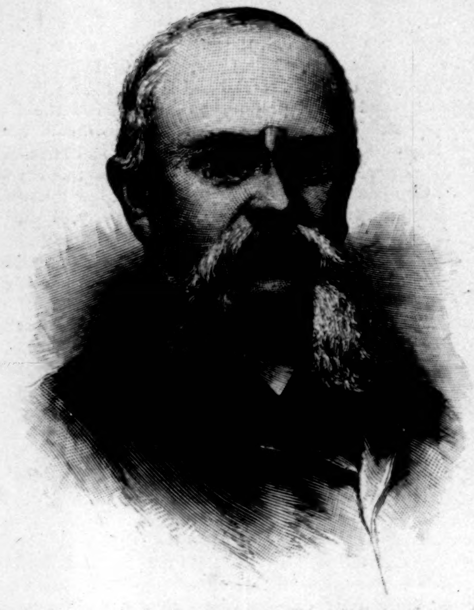
Four years ago, when Mr. **Dawrez** walked out of court with the writ of *habeas corpus* (on a blank specially engraved for Brooklyn, with two doves and a Cupid on it) which was to snatch his bride from the clutches of her mother, he was a proud man. Friends congratulated him, and the issuance of the writ was noticed in the society columns of the Brooklyn papers. In due time the marriage took place, the mother having of course been put under bonds to keep the peace, and the young couple started upon the journey of life. Apparently this journey has partaken somewhat of the nature of a Western Coxeyite march. A week ago, as reported in the newspapers, Mr. **Dawrez** made some foolish remark which excited the anger of his wife. Without a moment's hesitation she went to three neighboring Poles and hired them for $1 apiece to give her husband a sound thrashing. There was some haggling over the price, the grasping Poles each wanting $1 25, and even going so far as to insist that they usually got $1 50 for properly thrashing a Brooklyn husband; but the lady was firm, and insisted on favorable terms. She pointed out that this is a season of depression, and that husband-thrashing must come down like everything else. They met this with the plea that they belonged to the Brooklyn Husband-Thrashers' Union, and could not cut rates; but she told them that she knew of non-union thrashers who were turning out satisfactory work for seventy-five cents; and further, that she would do the job herself unless they came down to a living figure, which they finally did; and she paid them and went home with a light heart.

The Poles seem to have been skilful and rapid workmen, for it was not long before Mr. **Dawrez** was brought home neatly folded on a shutter. A glance showed Mrs. **Dawrez** that the work had been done satisfactorily, and she expressed the intention to patronize the same Poles in the future. But what was the lady's consternation at finding, on examining her husband's pockets, as usual, after he had crawled to bed, that $40 was missing from them. She instantly suspected the scoundrelly Poles, and her indignation was naturally excessive. It was rendered the greater by the consciousness that she had paid them a high price for the work, and that it had taken her last cent to do so, her intention having been, of course, to reimburse herself for her outlay from her husband's pocket, it being clearly no more than right that he should pay for his own thrashing. But the pocket was utterly empty. Forcing back her righteous anger, she went to the Lee Avenue Police Court and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the dishonest Poles.

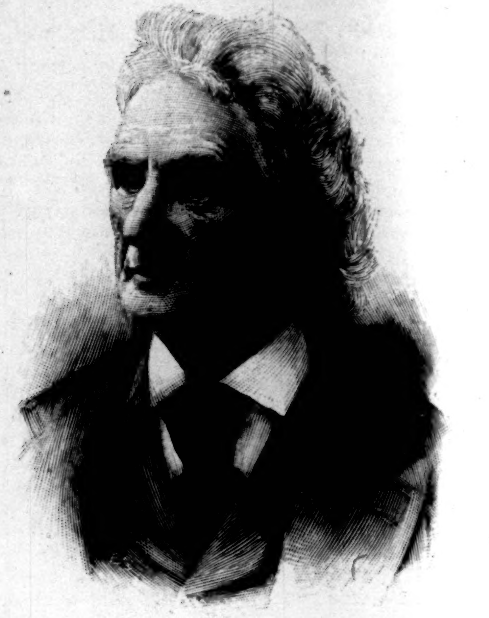
The obvious moral of all this is that greater care should be exercised by Brooklyn wives in hiring men for this important work. Only operators of known responsibility ought to be employed. Even then it would be safer and more businesslike to withhold their pay till the work is done and the husband is delivered in satisfactory condition. Robbery is not alone to be feared; there is always the danger that a husband may be returned but half thrashed—thrashed thoroughly enough, perhaps, on the upper side, but showing an entirely unharmed condition on the other side when turned over on the hall floor by the sympathetic hand of his wife.



CHARLES. C. HARRISON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.



PROFESSOR J. H. VAN AMRINGE, OF COLUMBIA.
THE NEW DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.



PROFESSOR J. D. DANA, OF YALE.
[SEE PAGE 535.]

THE NEW PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have elected Mr. Charles C. Harrison (present chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the University of Pennsylvania) Acting Provost. The duties are numerous and arduous, and modesty alone prevents Mr. Harrison from accepting the office permanently, until he is satisfied that he is able to discharge these duties single-handed. Although he refused the election at first, he has accepted it temporarily.

The committee in charge of the nomination submitted the following report: "The committee appointed to nominate a Provost respectfully report that after a prolonged and thorough consideration of the subject referred to them they addressed the following letter to Charles C. Harrison, the terms of which sufficiently indicate the conclusions arrived at:

"'*Charles C. Harrison:*

"'DEAR SIR,—As secretary of the committee, I have the pleasure to inform you with what entire satisfaction we have decided to present your name to the Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania for the Provostship. We are all assured of the practical unanimity of the Board as to a choice of Provost, and shall be pleased to present for you to the Trustees any conditions as to methods of government you may desire to submit to the body we represent.

"'We trust that our action may be agreeable to you, and desire to add our assurance of personal regard and esteem, as well as our own pledges of loyal and faithful support.

"'Yours, very truly, S. WEIR MITCHELL.'"

In reply Mr. Harrison wrote the same day, stating that he had given earnest thought to the proposal, and that for various reasons he felt unwilling to assume the responsibility of the manifold and great interests which the university represents. He added that there was no work in which he was more interested; that, having no ambition to become Provost himself, he would earnestly co-operate with any man who might be selected by the Trustees.

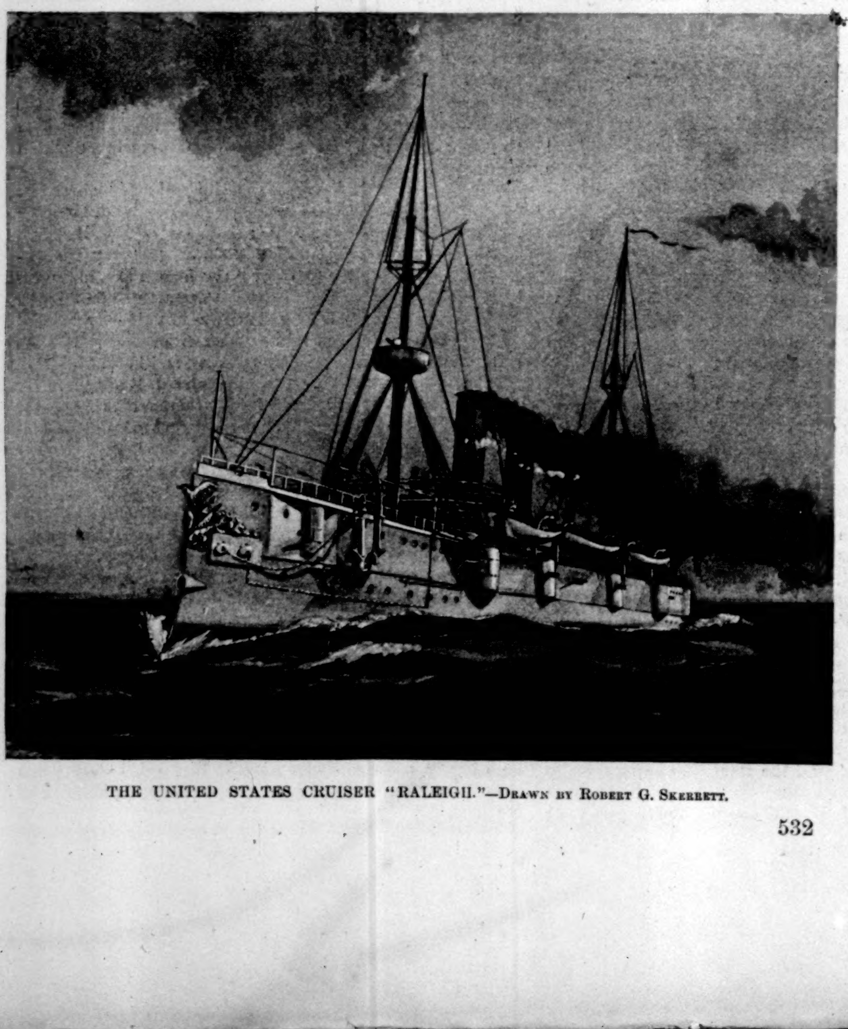
Having considered this letter, it occurred to the committee that Mr. Harrison might be induced to assume the position of Acting Provost. When this was suggested to him he agreed. The committee therefore recommended to the Board the election of Mr. Harrison as Acting Provost. In this capacity he would become Chairman of the Board *pro tem.*

It is probable that the Trustees will have nothing more to do than to strike off the word "Acting" from the title accepted by Mr. Harrison. He will succeed Dr. Pepper in June. After Mr. Harrison has formulated his plans of organization and started upon the work, the Trustees will not be likely to find any man better qualified to fill the office. The university is very fortunate in securing an Acting Provost in such thorough sympathy with its highest ends and purposes.

Mr. Charles C. Harrison is a son of the late George L. Harrison, son of John, the pioneer chemist of Philadelphia, and is a member, though not actively, of the great sugar-refining house of Harrison, Havemeyer, & Co. In connection with his brothers, the Messrs. Mitchell, William, and Alfred Harrison, he has lately contributed $50,000 towards the endowment of the John Harrison Chemical Laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania.

He has been for some time Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the Board of Trustees of the university. Mr. Harrison was born on May 3, 1844. He entered the academic department of the university in 1858, and was a classmate of Dr. William Pepper, the retiring Provost. He won the highest honors in his class, and upon graduation in 1862 he was awarded the Henry Reed Prize for English literature.

S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "RALEIGH."—DRAWN BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT.

UNITED STATES CRUISER "RALEIGH."

THIS vessel, now finishing at the navy-yard, Norfolk, Virginia, is of the coal-protected, armor-decked cruiser type, and in her advent soon upon the active list of the service the public will have an example of the steady strides we are making onward in the art of war-ship building.

A ship's displacement—the weight of the craft as a mass, complement and stores included—is to the naval architect what a limited amount of cloth is to a tailor, and to combine her various offensive and defensive phases most effectively—her purpose considered—so as to realize upon that given displacement gunpower, speed, and protection in the most desirable proportions, is the task that is set his cunning.

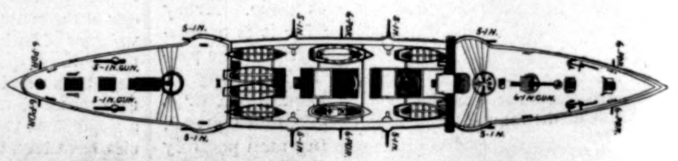
To appreciate what this means let us compare the *Atlanta* and the *Raleigh*, vessels of the same class and displacement. The *Raleigh* is six years younger in design than the *Atlanta*, and, except in the two particulars of type and displacement, is really more of a contrast than a comparison to her prototype, and the differences are directly due to improved steel forgings and steel manufactures generally, and to the natural advances in the technical arts and sciences.

The principal features and general dimensions of the *Raleigh* are: Length on load water-line, 300 feet; extreme breadth, 42 feet; mean draught, 18 feet; displacement, 3183 tons; indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; speed, an hour (estimated), 19 knots; coal supply (bunker capacity), 556 tons.

The ship has twin screws, actuated by separate triple-expansion engines, each in its own water-tight compartment.

The vessel's armament will consist of ten 5-inch and one 6-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles in the main battery, and eight 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns and two Gatlings in the secondary battery, besides four torpedo-launching apparatuses—one in the bow, one in the stern, and one on each broadside, forward, on the berth-deck.

The new ship is thirty feet longer, but of the same breadth as the *Atlanta*, with finer lines in consequence; lighter in the material of hull proper, but heavier in point of protective deck—the safeguard of motive power and ammunition; is 3.40 knots an hour faster; has almost 6000 more horse-power; two screws instead of one, and double the number of chances in case of accident; and has a battery of heavy rapid-fire guns.



DECK PLAN OF THE "RALEIGH."

The saving in weight of hull and guns was absorbed by the boilers and machinery, where the widespread use of steel permitted larger, yet in proportion lighter, and more powerful parts than in the older craft. The unreliability of American steel castings and forgings in 1883, when the *Atlanta* was begun, necessitated the use of wrought iron in many instances, and incidentally heavier parts. The thickening of the boilers allowed almost double the pressure permitted in the *Atlanta*, while the design of the boilers themselves gives a greater proportionate heating surface. The engines, which are of the triple-expansion type instead of simple compound as in the *Atlanta*, represent a comparative revolution in the designing of marine motive power, producing 164 revolutions a minute against 72.2 in the *Atlanta*, with a development of horse-power economically much greater than is possible in machinery of the *Atlanta's* pattern.

The substitution of rapid-fire guns of smaller calibre for the slow-firing 8-inch and 6-inch guns on the *Atlanta* results in a superiority at once manifest in celerity of fire—fully five times greater in a minute's time, in mass of metal discharged in a given time, and in the actual effectiveness of the pieces, pound for pound of powder. To supply the secondary battery of the *Atlanta* six different kinds of small ammunition are required, while in the *Raleigh* but three are needed. During the din and excitement of action one can see how readily mistaken ammunition might hamper the gunners, and a battery temporarily put out of action by such confusion. Uniformity of gun supplies is a decided advantage in a long-contested fight, the crippling of two or three guns not rendering useless their unexpended ammunition, but instead the ship holding her own until her magazines are exhausted, if other conditions permit.

These, then, are the differences, and marked ones too they are at that.

The allowance for this vessel and her sister ship, the *Cincinnati*, was two million dollars for both; and owing to the fact that the bids of private firms exceeded the provision made by act of Congress of September 7, 1888, these vessels are being constructed at government yards. The machinery of the *Raleigh* was built at the New York Navy-yard, and shipped to Norfolk for installation.

Electric lighting, artificial ventilation, and an extensive system of pumpage and drainage prevail, and every facility and convenience is provided for the comfort and health of the officers and crew under all conditions of weather.

R. G. S.

A BULB.

MISSHAPEN, black, unlovely to the sight,
Oh, mute companion of the murky mole,
You must feel overjoyed to have a white,
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRISLER.

It used to be said of the great Vergilian scholar Christian Gottlob Heyne that during the forty-nine years of his teaching at Göttingen he had trained and sent out among the various universities of Europe no less than one hundred and thirty professors and lecturers. A very similar assertion might be made of the distinguished American philologist who this week completes the fiftieth year of his labors in Columbia College. Like Heyne, his life work has been done within the walls of a single university; and like Heyne, both by the value of his own contributions to linguistic science and through the labors of the men whom he has trained, he must take high rank among those who have permanently influenced the history of their country's scholarship.

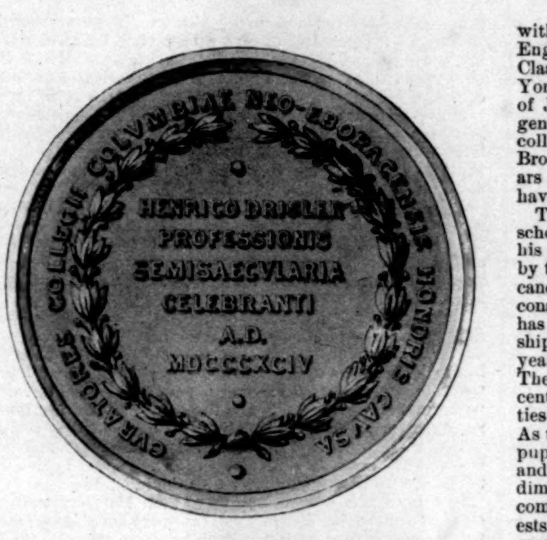
Henry Drisler graduated from Columbia College in 1839. Four years later he began his official connection with that institution as an instructor, and in 1845 was made Adjunct Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, the head of that department being the celebrated classical scholar and teacher Dr. Charles Anthon. Dr. Anthon then, and for many years after, was to the educated world of the Middle States what Dr. Samuel Taylor, of Andover, was to New England. A profound and accurate scholar, his impressive personality and the almost appalling vigor of his methods have given to his memory much of the vitality that after two centuries keeps the name of Dr. Richard Busby, of Westminster School, still green in the minds of Englishmen. Of commanding presence, intense assiduity, and unquenchable enthusiasm, alert, unsparing, imperious, he seemed to the boys of the Grammar-School and to the Freshmen who first came into his awful presence a very Orbilius of modern times, a Jeffreys of classical scholarship. As rector of the Grammar-School the corporal punishment that he inflicted was less dreaded than the power of sarcasm with which as professor in the College he visited each careless blunder, each clumsy translation, each inaccurate answer. Yet all this severity was superficial, and concealed a real benevolence and benignity, which, growing more and more apparent to the undergraduate as his academic life went on, made him at the close a devoted admirer of the man whom he had once regarded as a Rhadamanthus. It was under Dr. Anthon that Mr. Drisler received his early classical training, and from him he learned the severely accurate methods that, at a time when American scholarship was too often slipshod and superficial, distinguished the classical work of Columbia College. Dr. Drisler carried on the Anthonian tradition for thoroughness and learning, but the kindness and geniality of his own nature were never disguised from even the dullest Freshman. Perfect courtesy and kindliness blended with great dignity of manner but never obscured by it, characterized the methods of the new Professor; and from this time throughout the whole half-century of his professorship every student when in trouble has instinctively turned to him for aid and counsel and the sympathy that was never known to fail.

In 1857, when a separate chair of Latin was established by the trustees of the College, Dr. Drisler became the first Professor; and ten years later, on the death of Dr. Anthon, he was transferred to the Jay Professorship of Greek, which, during the present year, he has resigned to become Professor Emeritus. In 1867, during the absence of President Barnard in Europe, Dr. Drisler discharged the duties of Acting President, and on President Barnard's retirement in 1888 he again filled the office until the election of Dr. Low in 1890. In the last-named year, Professor Drisler was appointed Dean of the Faculty of Arts, an office then first created. From Columbia College, in 1864, he received the degree of LL.D., and the same degree was conferred upon him by Harvard University in 1886. Apart from his services to his College, his life has been one of varied activity. He is a trustee of the Astor and the New York Society libraries, and of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. From 1886 to 1889 he was Vice-President of the Archæological Institute of America; and from 1872 to 1882, President of the Association of the Alumni of Columbia College. Of the Episcopal Church, and especially in the diocese of New York, he has always been an influential member, as a trustee of Trinity School, and of the General Theological Seminary, a member of the standing committee of the diocese, and Vice-President of the Society for Promoting Religion and Learning.

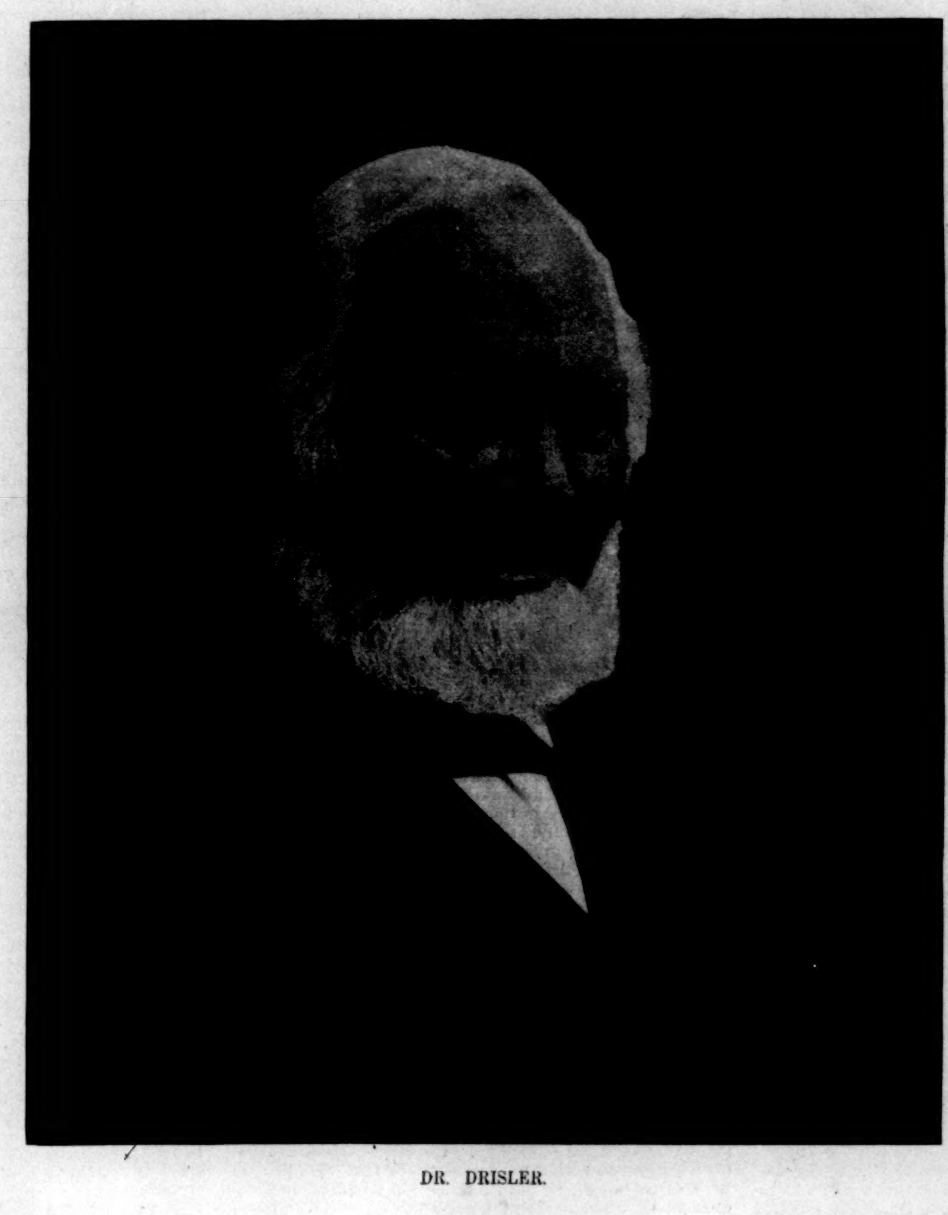
A number of important publications are associated with Dr. Drisler's name. In 1846 he brought out an American edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon, with additions and corrections of such importance as to induce the learned English editors to invite his co-operation in bringing out the seventh edition of their monumental work, which appeared in 1882. It is a remarkable tribute to American classical scholarship in general and to Columbia College in particular that of the lexicons of Greek and Latin adopted as standards at the great English universities, each bears upon its title-page the name of a Columbia professor. Dr. Drisler also co-operated with Professor Anthon in bringing out the numerous text-books that for fifty years have been in the hands of every American student, and many of which have been reprinted in England. In 1864, with Professor Anthon, he edited Riddle and Arnold's Latin-English Dictionary; in 1850 he re-edited Sir William Smith's Classical Dictionary; in 1870 he revised and enlarged Yonge's English-Greek Lexicon. He was associate editor of Johnson's Encyclopædia from 1875 to 1878, and is the general editor of the series of classical texts for school and college use which is published by the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and to which, among others, such eminent scholars as Professors Gildersleeve, Merriam, Tyler, and West have contributed.

The true importance of Professor Drisler's work as a scholar cannot be understood by the mere enumeration of his published works, however important these may be, nor by the bare record of his years of service. The real significance of his labors can only be rightly understood when one considers them in connection with a great movement that has transformed the whole character of American scholarship, and given to it new standards and new ideals. Fifty years ago classical learning in this country was at a low ebb. The earlier teachers of the classics who in the preceding century had come to America from the English universities had transplanted the traditions of English scholarship. As time went on, these early teachers passed away, and their pupils became their successors, continuing their methods and perpetuating their standards, but with a continually diminishing stock of learning, as was to be expected in a community so intensely devoted to purely material interests, and so far removed in its aims and interests from the great seats of culture across the Atlantic. By the third generation classical teachers had largely lost all the original inspiration which their predecessors had brought with them, and taught with no breadth of knowledge, no stimulating power, and no true perception of the meaning of their subjects. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, in his entertaining work entitled *Five Years in an English University*, gives a curious picture of the inadequacy of the classical teaching at even the oldest and best-known American colleges in the year 1838. The amount of preparation required for entrance was absurdly small. The junior college instructors themselves were very imperfectly equipped, the mathematical men being often set to teaching classics, and the classical men mathematics. Subjects such as prosody, which are to-day required of every Freshman, were then regarded as pertaining to the greater mysteries, and not to be rashly touched upon. One of the best-known colleges of New England conferred a prize for a Latin poem written in elegiacs, every pentameter of which except three violated an elementary metrical rule. If this was true of the colleges, it is easy to imagine what the majority of the schools must have been. As a matter of fact, the whole of a student's work in Greek and Latin had become very little more than a dry and thoroughly unprofitable exercise in "parsing." Of the spirit of antiquity, of the grace and beauty and nobility of what is best in ancient thought, of the exquisite sense of harmony and proportion that runs through almost every line of its philosophy, and, above all, of its vitally intimate relation to whatsoever is best and truest in the modern world—of all this not a word was said. It was all a closed book to students, as to teachers.

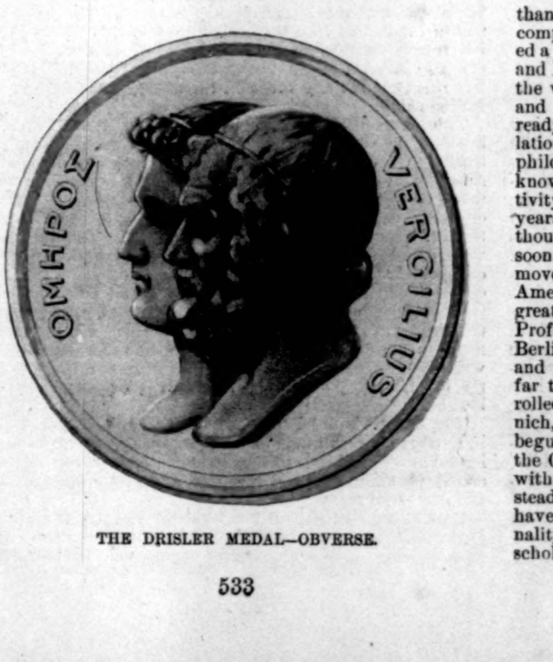
As a matter of fact, at this same period, English scholarship itself, while retaining all its elegance and accuracy, had ceased to be productive, and had become sterile and unmeaning. Its scholars were marking time as in a treadmill. The days of Bentley and Porson had gone by, and the "Greek-play Bishops" were left to represent the traditions. Meanwhile on the continent of Europe a great revival, a second Renaissance, was taking place. In Germany a new era of classical learning had begun, more fruitful than any yet known. Bopp was laying the foundations of comparative philology as a science; Wolff had already opened a new epoch of Homeric criticism; Boeckh, K. O. Müller, and Bernhardy were in their prime; Niebuhr was preparing the way for Mommsen; the Dindorfs, Lachmann, Madvig, and Gottfried Hermann, "the despot of Leipsic," had already published much of their best work. A whole constellation of brilliant names glittered in the firmament of classical philology. Such a stirring of men's minds had not been known in modern times. Yet of all this epoch-making activity English scholars as a body took no heed for many years. That our own country first cast aside its sloth, and though separated so far from the centres of intellectual life, soon put itself into touch with all that was best in the new movement, is due to the example and the influence of a few Americans who had themselves the insight to perceive its great significance. Of these able and far-seeing scholars Professor Drisler was one of the first. He early visited Berlin, and heard the lectures of Bergk, Moritz Haupt, and others. In those days an American in Germany was far to seek. To-day there are hundreds of Americans enrolled at Leipsic, Berlin, Strasburg, Jena, Göttingen, Munich, and Vienna; and whereas the English have only just begun to rub their eyes and recognize the priceless value of the German investigations, American universities are filled with men who have had the German training, and who, instead of humbly translating what the German philologists have written, are now themselves producing work of originality and power. The whole trend of American classical scholarship to-day is, in fact, German and not English, and



THE DRISLER MEDAL—REVERSE.



DR. DRISLER.



THE DRISLER MEDAL—OBVERSE.

this revolution is due to the few scholars who, like Dr. Drisler, gave the directing impulse at the psychological moment. With Anthon, he was among the first to publish the results of German research, and the pupils who received from him their training went out into the schools and colleges of the country, and leavened with the new learning the whole mass of American scholarship. It was long the fashion to criticise what seemed to be the unnecessary exuberance of commentary in Dr. Anthon's edition of classic authors. It was not then recognized that their fulness of explanation and reference was intended less for the student of fifty years ago than for the teacher, bringing to him a knowledge of what German scholarship had done for the elucidation of difficulties, and throwing upon the author as a whole the light of a wider learning than the meagre teaching of the average American college then had at its command. How well this end was served is seen in Mr. Bristed's assertion (which the writer quotes from the work already mentioned) that in the New England colleges "the only part of the first two years' course generally well learned was the *Satires* of Horace, thanks to Professor Anthon's labors." And he further writes (this is in 1851): "Columbia College in New York has always exhibited in its classical instruction a marked superiority." The true significance of Professor Drisler's work, then, lies in this: that by his own example, as by the example of those whom he sent out as teachers, he consistently and successfully maintained a high and scholarly ideal at a time when all classical study in our country seemed falling into disrepute, and that he led the way in that striking movement which has infused into all our universities the spirit of German scholarship, by which the freshness and energy of the American mind are directed to-day under the guidance of scientific methods to the prosecution of independent and original research.

Professor Drisler retires this week from active service in Columbia, having rounded out his fifty years of labor. For the distinction that he has conferred upon it the College has shown itself most honorably grateful. The trustees retain his name upon the rolls as Emeritus Professor, and perpetuate his memory by the endowment of a university fellowship, to be known as the Henry Drisler Fellowship in Classical Philology, and intended to encourage original work in the classic languages and in archæology. A gold medal with an appropriate inscription has been struck in his honor. President Low has generously established a fund of $10,000 to be known as the Henry Drisler Classical Fund, to be devoted to the purchase of books, casts, and apparatus for the departments of Greek and Latin. A special mark of appreciation and remembrance is that which has been prepared by sixteen of Professor Drisler's former pupils, now professors in various institutions of learning, who have contributed each an original monograph upon some subject connected with classical philology. These, printed in a volume and dedicated to Dr. Drisler, form, like a German *Festschrift*, a unique and valuable memorial of the esteem in which his former students hold him, and of the debt of gratitude which they owe. A public acknowledgment of the same feeling was made in the recent reception given by the Alumni Association of the college to Professor Drisler and to his able and popular colleague, Professor J. H. Van Amringe, who succeeds him in the office of Dean. One unpremeditated incident of that reception deserves to be recorded, because it so aptly symbolizes the feeling which all Columbia alumni entertain. On behalf of the association, the Hon. Nicholas Fish had presented an address to the Professor, and having done so, paused a moment, and then added a few words of his own. As he spoke, the diplomat and man of the world seemed to forget the years that had passed since he had gone out from the college halls. He felt himself once more a college boy standing before his old Professor. His voice faltered, he hesitated, and the Professor, also going back in memory to the old days, and anxious to encourage him, patted him affectionately on the head. No incident of the evening spoke so directly to the heart of every alumnus present as this, for, simple though it was, it meant so much.

It is seldom given to any one to round out so beautifully a great and honorable career. With half a century of unusually productive work completed, yet with the probability of many years of study and research remaining to him, vigorous in body, and with his intellectual power still unimpaired, Dr. Drisler's jubilee suggests no thought that can mar its ideal completeness and serenity. The College for which he has labored so long and faithfully is now, under the inspiring guidance of its new President, expanding and broadening the sphere of its usefulness, and proudly assuming its rightful place among the great universities of the world. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities which its future holds. Yet its future is brilliant only because its past was great, because its foundations were strongly and securely laid upon the unshakable rock of sound scholarship and a love of truth. And of those who performed this work in the past, and thus made possible the magnificence of the future, among the very first in distinction is the illustrious scholar who of his own desire now seeks the repose that he has so honorably won, with the assurance that by all who love Columbia his name will continue to be held in grateful and affectionate remembrance.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

PONY-RACING, AND THE BRONCO.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

I HAVE had many things to say of the bronco from time to time, but I wish here to record a sincere composite tribute to the untiring, ungroomed little beast from one who holds him in profound respect, and has tested his sagacity and endurance to the utmost.

The bronco is in truth not only the native American type, but the only racing pony known even to the effete East for many years, and his blood flows through the veins of many winners on the race-tracks to this day.

But the East is a very small part of pony-racing America. It is in the great West that we must look for typical American pony-racing, for out there it has been a recognized sport ever since the advance column of pioneers found the tough little cayuse ready at hand, and almost for the asking. And yet earlier than that it flourished with the Indians, and in Mexico long before Westward Ho! became the watchword.

It seems altogether incomprehensible that with such favoring traditions, and the article ready-made at our very door, the sport of racing ponies should have had no organized recognition on the Atlantic coast until four years ago. The home of the bronco is only three days' travel from New York, and although as he first comes to us he is not an ideal as compared with the bred-up type of very recent years, yet a very few generations serve to make him so. Moreover, not infrequently it is possible to pick up a bronco which is a very fast sprinter, and in such a case it is safe to conclude that he comes from across the Rio Grande (where there is more of the sport than elsewhere), and is no stranger to racing.

Horse-racing, I should say, is the most popular sport in Mexico, and among the majority that live outside the few large cities it is the chief form of amusement, for I can think of hardly a game in which the bronco does not figure more or less prominently. Athletic Mexicans, if such may be said to exist in a race that is notoriously indolent, are rather speedy for short distances, and I have seen runners at Indian games who were very fast for fifty yards; but these are exceptions, and pony-racing suits the average disposition far better. They are inveterate horse-racers and gamblers.

Every plaza has its coterie of horsemen, and the times are dull indeed when each week (Sunday usually being the gala-day) does not witness several hotly contested races, in which local rivalry and a desire to win the stakes make an incentive than which nothing keener is possible to imagine. Nowhere have I seen such really distressingly exciting horse-racing as in Mexico. From the very moment they are off, which is almost invariably from a standing start, and generally at the crack of a revolver, the excitement begins, and never lags until the winner crosses the finish-line.

Nor does the bronco, any more than his rider, undergo especial preparation for the race; the curry-comb is as strange to the coat of one as is the flesh-brush to the skin of the other; the saddle will be that used every day, of the Mexican, Texan, or California tree, and weighing anywhere from twenty to fifty pounds, according to its quality and ornamentation; the bridle, possibly of plaited hair (particularly if the rider wears a sombrero heavily braided in silver, and is therefore somewhat of a swell), but more likely of the cheaper rawhide, with a gag-bit of either the spade or ring variety. They ride like veritable demons, these Mexicans, with hands, legs, heels—made the more punishing by huge berowelled spurs—to an accompaniment of yells that make poor Lo's "blood-curdling" vocalization of florid literature soothing in comparison.

The Mexican cares more for his mount, if it be fast, than for any other of his possessions, though let me, in passing, add that his concern does not evince itself in tender, or occasionally in even humane treatment. He breaks the bronco by sheer brute force, maintaining that attitude in his daily relations ever after, and his feeling for the animal is simply the selfish solicitude of the master for the servant, who, trembling at his approach, does his bidding and is profitable.

If the bronco be a particularly speedy one, its Mexican owner will positively "go broke" on its adornment. His saddle trappings will be of the most ornate pattern, sometimes representing several hundred dollars; the bit will be hand-made, heavily inlaid with silver, and cost from twenty-five to sixty dollars, according to the owner's purse; the spurs will be of the same kind of workmanship, and cost from fifteen to thirty dollars. Such a pony is the apple of its owner's eye, entirely because of its intrinsic value; nearly every dollar he earns goes towards its further embellishment, and the remaining cents are saved to wager on its speed. Time and again have I seen a Mexican of pronounced poverty-stricken appearance astride a bronco whose outfit could not have cost much short of $400. And the glances of envy and admiration aroused by this tatterdemalion on his way to the racing rendezvous gave him more genuine pleasure than had he himself been arrayed in the most resplendent of the fanciful costumes known to Mexican swelldom.

Probably Mexico and the southern portion of New Mexico, Arizona, and California furnish the more picturesque side of the sporting bronco, but they do not limit the field of his racing. The cow-pony of the West is a well-known sprinter, that can start almost with the revolver's report, and at top speed turn on a blanket. There used to be a great deal of bronco-racing in the mining-camps when the West was "wild and woolly," and every other man was a prospective millionaire; and there was, and of course is to-day, quite a bit of it on the cattle ranges, though not so much as the average "tenderfoot" might suppose. Cow-punchers, in season, are too busy by day and too weary at night to give much thought to the sport. Their day's work during "round-up" is indeed an ever-recurring race, and the bronco in his regular work has all the sprinting (after cattle) his owner cares to give him. Yet there are races, generally impromptu and at catch weights, during the dull season, which usually result from the purchase of new ponies by individual herders, or from a discussion over the respective ponies of rival ranches.

With the exception of the Apaches, the Indians, generally speaking, have always been devoted to pony-racing. Like the Mexicans, many of their games are on horseback, some of the sort that requires instant stopping and quick turning—all attributes of the cow-pony. Unlike the Mexican, however, the Indian racing pony goes to the post with the simplest of trappings; he carries no elaborately decorated and expensively made saddle; the gag-bit he has, very probably, but it is not likely to be of the hand-made pattern, nor silver inlaid, and the Indian jockey is very apt to drum the ribs of his mount with his heels minus spurs. Many times I have seen them race without saddle, and with the end of a rawhide lariat twisted about the pony's jaw for bridle. But this type is more often on the artist's easel than in the Indian camp.

The Mexican and Indian bronco is not fitted (without breeding up) to the distances prevalent on the Eastern tracks. Of course it is well known that blood and bone give a horse staying power at top speed, and it is not to be supposed that a raw bronco could hold his own against a thoroughbred or a half-breed at a half-mile, or at any distance the latter could cover at his uttermost gait. The same nervous, catlike alacrity that has made the mustang the greatest cow-pony in the world makes him also undoubtedly the fastest starter of his kind; add to this a natural turn of speed for a short distance, and you have a sprinter that as a rule is unequalled. He is quite as unbeatable at long distances, for there is no quadruped that can travel so far and so long with so little care as this same unkempt, unattractive little beast, called, according to locality, cayuse, mustang, bronco.

The bronco is not handsome, but throughout a season of long trips over all kinds of country, sustaining all sorts of hardships on all kinds of feed (frequently meaning no feed at all), his endurance and the pace he will maintain are nothing short of marvellous.

He who has toiled with him over the rugged and all but impassable mountain trails, or groped along a cañon's precipitous sides in the blackest of nights, who has been lost in a driving snow-storm on the bleak prairie, battling for life in the drowsiness of a freezing atmosphere, can appreciate the fortitude of the bronco and his unerring intelligence under such conditions.

To me the bronco has been one of the most interesting and, I may add, safest of studies. He has found trails when hope had flown, and on nights so dark I could not see beyond his ears; he has discovered water when both our throats were parched wellnigh beyond endurance by extreme thirst. He has been a watch-dog against murderous thieves and prowling wild beasts; once he saved us both from death in a landslide; and times without number has he, after finishing the day's journey with apparently not another pound of reserve strength, "bucked" with every particle of his pristine vigor and skill the next morning.

No animal is more susceptible to kindness once he is assured of your good intentions, and those that assert to the contrary simply do not know the bronco, or their interviews with him have been through the medium of loaded quirts and blood-stained rowels.

As a rule, in his own country, alas! the poor beast has little opportunity of learning even the meaning of kindness. From the time the bronco "buster" first ropes and throws him, the bronco knows man only as a hard taskmaster with whom he is continuously at war. He surrenders finally from very fear of his conqueror, whom he cannot shake out of the saddle. He rarely becomes a willing servant, and his tentative "bucks" for liberty show ever and anon that hope of freedom has not been relinquished.

But all broncos, thank goodness, are not broken by the rough-and-ready "buster," though in justice to him it must be acknowledged that this individual was the creation of a time and necessity when leisurely horse-breaking was as impossible as trial by jury for the horse-thief. Many cowboys and ranches break their own ponies, and taking more time and a bit gentler, more sensible method, get a better pony for their pains. The Mexican bronco is cruelly handled by his breaker, and is generally so thoroughly cowed as to have utterly lost all appreciation of kindness.

It has been my experience and observation, as well as that of men more qualified to speak on the subject, that the mustang is as susceptible to kind treatment as any other unhandled horse, and under it becomes a well-broken, easily trained carrier, though he may not always yield the submission to others that he does to his master.

A bronco I once purchased for twenty dollars out of an unbroken herd was so wild the day I "cut him out" that I could get no nearer than the end of a fifty-foot lariat. I used all possible kindness in his handling, and although he did buck the first two or three times I mounted him, yet in a few months he was as docile as the most carefully nourished thoroughbred colt, would follow me on the trails like a dog, and never attempted to buck. I must confess, however, that he showed he had not forgotten the art whenever any one else attempted to get into the saddle, and once I saw him actually kick a stranger, whom he had bucked off, in mid-air on his return trip to mother earth. And this was the selfsame bronco that followed me like a dog, and later saved me from the miserable grinding to death in a landslide.

But who wants a dog that will wag his tail at every one that whistles him?

I have now only to record that my remembrance of him is of the tenderest. We were warm friends, that bronco and I. We had many adventures together, we understood one another, and though our companionship extended over four years, he never failed me. Whether in his own comfortable stall at home or camping with me in the open, whether he fared bountifully on the best cleaned oats or perforce nibbled bunch-grass, he knew I gave him the best I had, and he understood the circumstances that prevented my doing better by him.

Pony-racing in the East under S., H., and P.-R. A. rules is quite another affair. Unslaked thirst and lost trails become but a memory to the bronco, who finds the luxuries of a racing or polo stable a strange but quickly to be appreciated innovation. He responds rapidly to nourishing feed and good care, and in a few generations of breeding up becomes an aristocrat in whom we find only the underlying hardy traces of the Western prototype. He also loses a great many of his Western tricks and manners, like a boy sent to an Eastern college; but this rule, like all rules, is not infallible, and a satin-skinned little fellow who has looked out of a stable window all his life may buck across a polo field with all the surprising rigidity that his great-grandsire out in the Panhandle displayed when he first felt the pressure of the "buster's" knees.

Although pony-racing had no organized recognition until 1890, yet there was plenty of scattered sport before that among the polo and hunting men. Polo, started by James Gordon Bennett in 1876, led, the following year, to the organization of hunt clubs, and racing among these sportsmen followed as a natural sequence. An attempt was made later to hold race meetings in conjunction with steeple-chasing, but it all ended with little sport and less credit to the projectors.

The American Pony-Racing Association was organized in '90 through the efforts of a few sportsmen, including H. L. Herbert, Jenkins Van Schaick, Elliott Roosevelt, A. Belmont Purdy, August Belmont, J. R. Wood, J. Clinch Smith, F. T. Underhill, Louis V. Bell, and others, and about two years later broadened its scope to include the hunt club races, changing its name accordingly to the American Hunt and Pony-Racing Association. Another change was made the first of the current year to include cross-country racing, and the name now stands as the Steeple-chase, Hunt, and Pony-Racing Association. It has been growing steadily, wisely profiting each season by its experiences of the one before, and has been taken up by the Country Clubs, whose meetings have furnished the brightest and certainly the most successful scenes of the pony-racing year.

The season of 1893 brought out larger fields, with a more general distribution of winnings, and sustained an interest to the end.

How it has thrived may be judged from these figures:

	Meetings.	Races Run.	Members.	Registry of Ponies and Horses.
1890......	9	47	215	221
1893......	35	171	500	500

At Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York, Long Branch, Boston, where the meetings are held at the Brookline Country Club, one of the best club courses in the country, also Saratoga, Danbury, and Chicago, pony-racing has made its way into public favor; all of this goes to show that the Steeple-chase, Hunt, and Pony-Racing Association has not only increased its membership, but outgrown the mere local character it had at the beginning.

PROFESSOR JAMES D. DANA.

In the retirement of her brightest scientific luminary, Professor Dana, Yale loses from its active rolls one of those names that have been used to conjure with, almost time out of mind, by lovers of the scholastic fame of the university. There are certain names, such as Dana, Woolsey, Whitney, Silliman, Hadley, Dwight, Loomis, which are almost conterminous with the style and title of the great university, so that we scarce think of the one without recalling the others. They are the most valid ground of distinction the institution enjoys, and some trace of pride in this distinction rings out in every huzza of the plentiful cheers that legitimately of late greet Yale's successes on all the fields of athletic sport.

"A man is to have a part of his life to himself," says Dr. Johnson. Professor Dana, in retiring only when past the age of eighty-one, certainly has not been over-selfish in taking this right. Not Yale men alone, but thousands of other graduates throughout the country, feel pretty much as though the world was created strictly in accordance with the formulæ in Dana's *Manual of Geology*. Especially, of course, is this true of those who sat under the instruction of the kindly author of the famous text-book. It was first issued in 1862, and the final edition, which brings it abreast of the modern advancement in the science, is now going through the press.

The classes in most of our colleges are over-large, and there are certain purely physical impediments to the best results of the opportunities they seem to offer. It is not my own recollection that Professor Dana was able to interest himself much in a personal way in us, his students; he was not a teacher of the active, overmastering, "aggressive" sort. The great advantage of such a man in such a place was the influence of his noble example in minute indefatigable research, accuracy of statement, and exhaustive scholarship. These qualities are of the essence of his work. He has inspired, besides, a school of most able disciples, who have remained behind to continue his work along the lines of the same high tradition. In the instructor's chair he was a figure that could not fail to command the respect and impress the imagination of youth, though no doubt there is some one here and there who may look back with a pang of regret to the coltish exuberance of student days, when he may have worn a mien of indifference even in the presence of this chief glory of the *alma mater*. James D. Dana is recognized throughout the world as a master in an unusually wide field of scientific research; he has been showered with honors by learned societies in every land, and the bibliography of his writings is very large. Still another text-book of his, the Mineralogy, is *the* authority on the subject, a book which every scientific library throughout the world *must* have. It dates originally from 1837; his fame began early. His place in science is secure; in one respect it is unique, and he will have no successor. He was a very great "all round" naturalist. The sciences were young in his early day; he grew up with them, as it were. Now the tendency on every hand is to specialization; no one will ever again attempt to cover such a great variety of ground as he.

The leading facts of his life have a curious unity of plan, all growing out of an aspiration of his generous youth; they embody, too, their bit of romance. Born in 1813 at Utica, he was drawn to Yale by the fame of the elder Silliman. He became Silliman's assistant; in time he came to marry his daughter; he succeeded him as editor of the *Journal of Arts and Sciences;* and finally he was the incumbent of the "Silliman Professorship," founded to commemorate that earlier scientist. Before his marriage, however (from 1838 to 1842), he was a part of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition, and in the course of it he was shipwrecked. His great labors have been accomplished upon but a small supply of physical strength. His temperament would appear to be that of the scholarly recluse of the genial sort; he has never been active in the social way, even in quiet New Haven. His personality is picturesque—tall, spare, bronzed, and silvery-haired. He is daily seen passing, with swift foot, along that most charming of streets, Hillhouse Avenue, where he has his house. Green and secluded as a cathedral close, what a dream of academic peace is that street in these June days! Thither, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday last year, a number of his older associates and neighbors, for the most part well known like himself, sent him a set of resolutions which for cordial respect and esteem, for affectionate eulogy both of high acquirements and admirable personal character, I have never seen surpassed.

William Henry Bishop.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHEME CO., LIMITED.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"You never heard of my one business effort, did you, Mr. Bouverie?" asked Caddy Barlow, as the Englishman was settling back to the enjoyment of his cigar after the Eaters had indulged in one of their delightful dinners.

"No, I never did," Mr. Bouverie replied. "I never supposed you were in business. Jackson informed me that you were one of those fortunate persons with nothing to do and a great deal to do it on."

"Jackson is right," said Barlow. "I am a do-nothing, and I flatter myself I do nothing as well as it can be done. A great many people in this country affect to despise the butterfly, but that is because they do not understand him. Idleness is the hardest work in the world at times, and in the season here in New York the man of leisure is about the only man who hasn't any time to himself. I should very much prefer to be a laborer, but I made a sacred promise once, which must be kept. My governor gave me a hundred thousand dollars on my twenty-first birthday, and in return for it I promised him faithfully I'd keep out of business."

"Your father was a wise man," said Jackson.

"He knew me," said Caddy. "It used to be said that it was a wise man that knew his own father, but in these days I think it is the other way. It takes a wise man to know the little ins and outs of his own son. The governor had kept a pretty watchful eye on me all my life, and he knew me pretty well. He had observed that what some friends term my generosity, and what he frequently alluded to as my rank idiocy, would keep me from becoming a successful business man. For instance, when I collected coins, if I had a coin worth a dollar I'd swap it for one worth eighty cents, which in turn I would sell for sixty cents to get money enough to buy a postage-stamp that was really worth forty. My assets were constantly shrinking."

"Like your nature," observed Lieutenant Gerold.

"Precisely. I am of a very retiring nature, particularly along about four o'clock in the morning," said Caddy, calmly. "All of this, however, worried my father very much. He was afraid that in spite of all he could do for me the time would surely come when I'd have a Zoo growling at my door, which is several degrees worse than the plain ordinary wolf of every-day life. So when I came of age he set me up on my own feet and extracted the two promises, one that I should avoid business as I would a serpent, and the other that I should live within my income. The first promise was easy to keep. The second I found pretty hard for the first year, but I managed to keep it by accepting an invitation from Frank Bonsal to go off on a four months' cruise with him in the West Indies. If it hadn't been for that I'd have violated my sacred pledge."

"But you did violate the other, I fancy," said Bouverie. "You say you went into one business enterprise?"

"Yes, I went into business just once," returned Barlow, "but it was not exactly violating my promise to do so, since the enterprise involved no capital."

"What did you pay dividends on?" asked Phillips, the artist.

"We didn't declare any," said Caddy. "It was a sort of Brain Trust we got up. There were six of us altogether, and our object was to get up schemes, which we contemplated selling out on a royalty basis to people who had more money than brains. By this I do not, of course, mean that we hoped to swindle any one. We wouldn't sell a scheme unless we had confidence that there was money in it if properly worked. We realized the fact that there is a great deal of capital lying idle in the world, which its possessors would be very glad to put into harness if they could only get the ideas, and as it is the new idea that is scarce, we started in to evolve new schemes.

"We had the enterprise incorporated as 'The International Scheme Company, Limited.' We were responsible to our creditors only to the amount of our capital stock, and not having *any* capital stock, we of course had no liability. That was a scheme worthy of the enterprise itself. By a simple bit of forethought on the part of the incorporators all possibility of creditors, embarrassing or otherwise, was averted from the start. I was president, Peters was vice-president, Carraway was secretary. Jim Dawson was made honorary treasurer, and Wilkins and Billy Hicks were the auditing committee. The duties of the six were chiefly to cast about in their brains and elsewhere for new ideas. The first one we got was Jim Dawson's, and it was for literary beginners. The plan seemed to me to be a very good one, and we had it copyrighted. The general idea of it was to have on the title-page of the beginner's first book the usual stuff—name of book, name of author, name of publisher—but under the author's name were to be printed the words, 'Author of such and such novels, such and such poems,' and other things that he hadn't written, but was willing to write. Then, of course, if the first book was a success, people would naturally inquire for the others, and by degrees such a demand for them would be worked up that he would write them with the enthusiasm which the assurance of a sale would bring, and would, furthermore, have no difficulty in securing a publisher

"We advertised the idea. That is, we put a line in all the literary papers stating that we were the owners of a copyrighted plan to insure a second book to incipient authors, which we would divulge upon receipt of $5. That was where we made a mistake. We had three applications for the secret, but in the receipt we did not stipulate that the divulgence thereof was to be regarded as strictly confidential, and before we knew it every literary paper in the country was printing our scheme as a matter of humor. Where the joke came in I never could see. The idea was a good one, and the money we got out of it, about two dollars net, was a mighty poor return. Whether or not anybody ever put it to a practical test I don't know, but I am afraid no one ever did."

"I never heard of its being done," said Mr. Bouverie. "But I should think it wasn't a bad idea at all."

"Thanks," said Barlow. "As president of the defunct corporation, I present it to you with the compliments of the directors, relying upon your generosity for future rewards in case you find a fortune in it. We were mightily discouraged by this experience, but we didn't give up. Carraway, who knows Jemmison and a few other authors pretty well, said that you never could count on writers anyhow for steady income. Authors were either too poor to be worth while, or too good to need assistance. So we dropped that branch of the business, and left poets, novelists, and such to shift for themselves. We did try one more scheme, however, which had to do with writers, and that was what Peters, who got it up, called 'Peters's Patent Safety Libel Column for Newspapers.'"

"Now I am getting interested," said Parsons, the editor of the *Weekly Journal*. "Perhaps I'll find something in Peters's scheme that will help me. A Safety Libel Column sounds as if it might be worth something.'

"It ought to have been, but it wasn't," said Barlow. "Somehow or other the editors liked the old libel system better than ours. The trouble with ours was that you could be libellous without any risks, and I suppose editors are like all other people in their feelings. Risk adds spice to one's work, and our little plan, eliminating all risk, of necessity did away with the spice. Peters's scheme was this: Suppose Parsons here got a grudge against Dr. Robinson, and wanted to give him a scorching in his paper. Under the prevailing system he says all the hard things he can about the doctor in his columns, and the doctor takes the article to his lawyer; Parsons is summoned to court, is persecuted for libel, and has to pay the doctor ten dollars for having utterly destroyed his character. That's expensive. The Peters Safety Libel provides for the publication in Parsons's paper of a blank column, at the head of which Parsons should say: 'This column was to have contained an article concerning the professional and personal habits of George Robinson, M.D., sent to us from apparently reliable sources. At the last moment the editor, out of regard to the doctor's feelings, has consented to omit the sickening revelations.' That, you see, leaves the revelations to the readers' imaginations. The reader naturally thinks that the revelations must be something frightful if they so sicken an editor that he cannot print them; and, what is worse, from Robinson's point of view, he is not only libelled, but placed seemingly under everlasting obligations to Parsons."

"Is your friend Peters related to the Machiavelli of Italy?" asked Mr. Bouverie.

"I never heard him say so, but I shouldn't be surprised," said Barlow. "He has very extensive family connections. But that scheme didn't work any better than the first. We got eight dollars for it, the only paper that subscribed paying us space rates for the detailed description, which it published under a great black large type heading:

EXPOSED!

Another Bunco Corporation Unearthed by the "Daily Bazoo."

There wasn't any bunco in the scheme that I could see, but we didn't care for notoriety, and we paid no attention to the attack. This experience led us to drop newspaper schemes as well as literary ones, and it was a grievous disappointment to us to have to do so. Most of our ideas seemed to run in that direction at first. We held a meeting of our Executive Board, and Billy Hicks thought there would be more money for us in schemes which ameliorated the miseries of life. We could try them on ourselves, he said, and so find out by a practical test what they were worth before trying them on the public. We agreed unanimously that Billy was right, and so turned our attention to matters of the proposed nature.

"It was under this dispensation that my little Memory-Assister was devised. Plenty of men on their departure from home in the morning are requested by their wives to do certain things for them during the day, and I believe that statistics would show that ninety per cent. of those things are left undone by the husbands so commissioned. My plan provided for a man who should call over the telephone at two o'clock every afternoon and ask those who should subscribe if they hadn't forgotten something. Then if the person addressed had forgotten something, but even with this reminder could not recall it, we had a list of things that wives generally ask their husbands to do during the day for them, and it was this man's duty to take that list and run over it until he got to the thing that had been forgotten. If it wasn't on the list at all the reminder either suggested it by additions, or no charge was made for the service. My idea was that people might subscribe two dollars a month to an enterprise of that kind, with an additional fee of five cents every time it saved a subscriber an unhappy minute on his return home. There ought to have been money in it. A man could be got to do the work for fifty dollars a month; and at the public pay telephone stations the charges would probably not amount to much more. Two hundred and fifty subscribers would have brought in $500 a month; extra fees would have brought in about $50 more, which, by a very simple arithmetical calculation, shows a monthly profit of $450, or $5400 a year—in round numbers $5000 annually would have been cleared in one city alone. When you consider that there are at least ten cities in which branch offices could be established with equally high probable profit, you get some notion of the vast amount of money there is in a simple idea like that. And yet no one would touch it. It worked beautifully upon ourselves. We weren't any of us married men, but we could forget things just as easily, and several times I was reminded over the wire by Peters to do things that I should otherwise have forgotten."

"I should think $50,000 a year would have tempted you to go into the enterprise yourselves," suggested Gerold.

"It might have," said Barlow. "It would have if five of us had not had plenty of work to do anyhow, and I was debarred by my promise. It would have required more time than we could give it to get it started, and, besides, we were not there to take up our own schemes. We simply ran a scheme factory, and all we wanted to do was to sell the product. We boomed this Memory-Assister for all we were worth. Peters tried to influence his friends on the Street to take it up. I tried to get mine interested in it. Billy Hicks did get one man to say he'd think it over, but the majority of the people we spoke to on the subject advised us either to consult Dr. Marlow, the brain specialist, or to go off into the Adirondacks and get a good rest. There seemed to be a notion abroad that we were either not serious or *non compos mentis*, as the Greeks say."

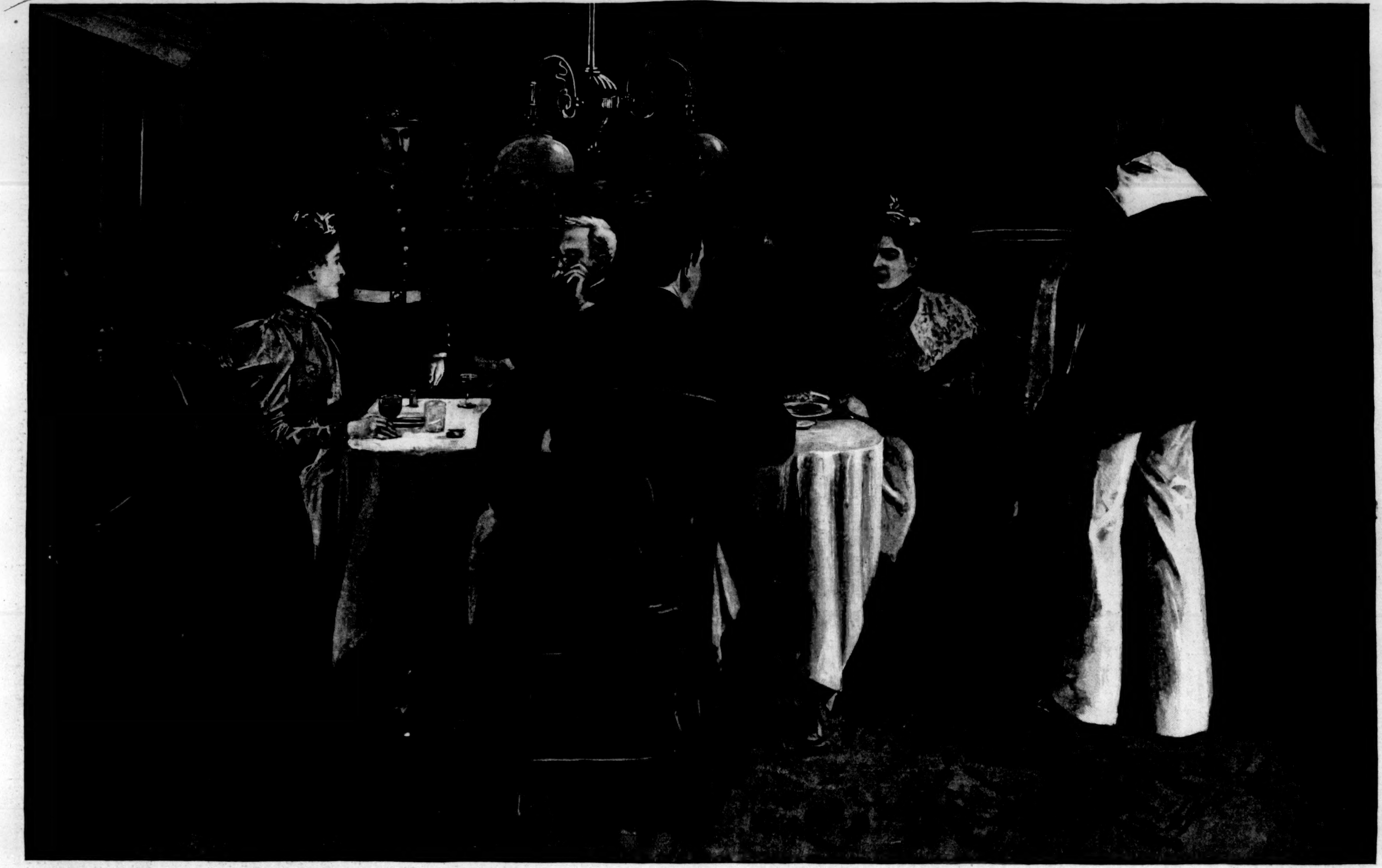
"Greeks?" queried Parsons, with an amused smile, which was a trifle mean of him.

"Well—as Webster says in the back of his Dictionary," retorted Barlow. "I'm not particular as to who said it, as long as you know what the lingo means. After the failure of this plan, we contemplated giving the whole thing up. I was willing to forego the honors of my position as president; but Peters and Dawson thought it would be worth while to make one more trial, changing our scheme somewhat. Dawson said, 'Let's advertise for ideas, since our own do not seem to take,' and we rashly consented. We supposed that most of the ideas would be sent in by mail, and as Peters was willing to let us have desk-room in his office, we gave his Mills Building address in Wall Street as that of the International Scheme Company, Limited. We advertised in all the New York papers, in one or two Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago papers, and by special contract with an agency, at a cost of a hundred dollars, in about five thousand small country papers.

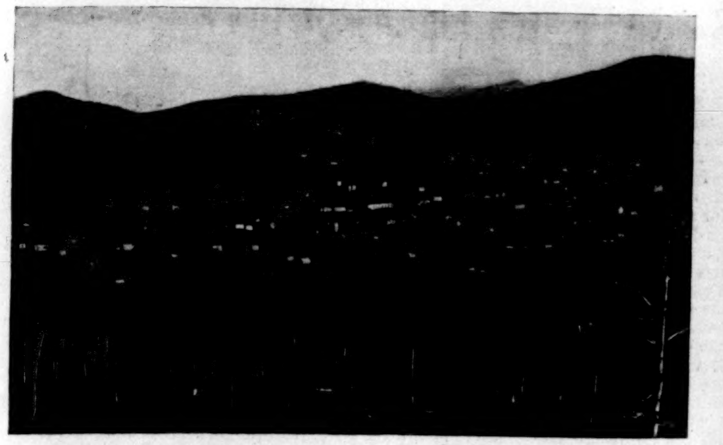
"Then the trouble began. It began to rain cranks. Schemes began to pour in from all parts of the world, and about every tenth one was brought by the schemer in person. And such persons! I never saw anything like it. One man suggested what he called 'Extract of Table d'Hôte for African Explorers.' His idea was to take a lot of table-d'hôte dinners, reduce them to a powder, and can them, five hundred to a can, so that a man setting out for central Africa could take along ten thousand table-d'hôte dinners in a bag, which could be carried by a single negro. We had to buy this idea to save being blown up with dynamite, at a cost of a hundred and fifty dollars. It's worth about one dollar as a joke for a comic paper. Another man had a patent nose-tab he wanted us to find somebody to take hold of. A woman living up in New England devised a scheme by means of which pie and cake could be made healthy for children, and she took the trouble to come to New York for a personal interview with our company. Peters finally had to call in police assistance to get rid of her. And so it went. Every mail brought us a thousand impossible schemes, and Peters nearly went crazy to find a dozen or more schemers, as he called them, awaiting his arrival at his office every morning. Finally we had to close up the company and go out of business. Peters's office had become a regular Maniacs' Exchange, and I really believe if we hadn't put a stop to the business then and there murder would have been done. That was five years ago, and even now we get an occasional letter from would-be inventors, offering to sell us ideas dirt cheap, but judging from our experience with the company the average idea would be expensive at the rate of sixteen for a cent, put up in a bag."

"And you didn't clear anything out of the enterprise, Mr. Barlow?" asked Mr. Bouverie, who seemed very much interested in the International Scheme Company, Limited.

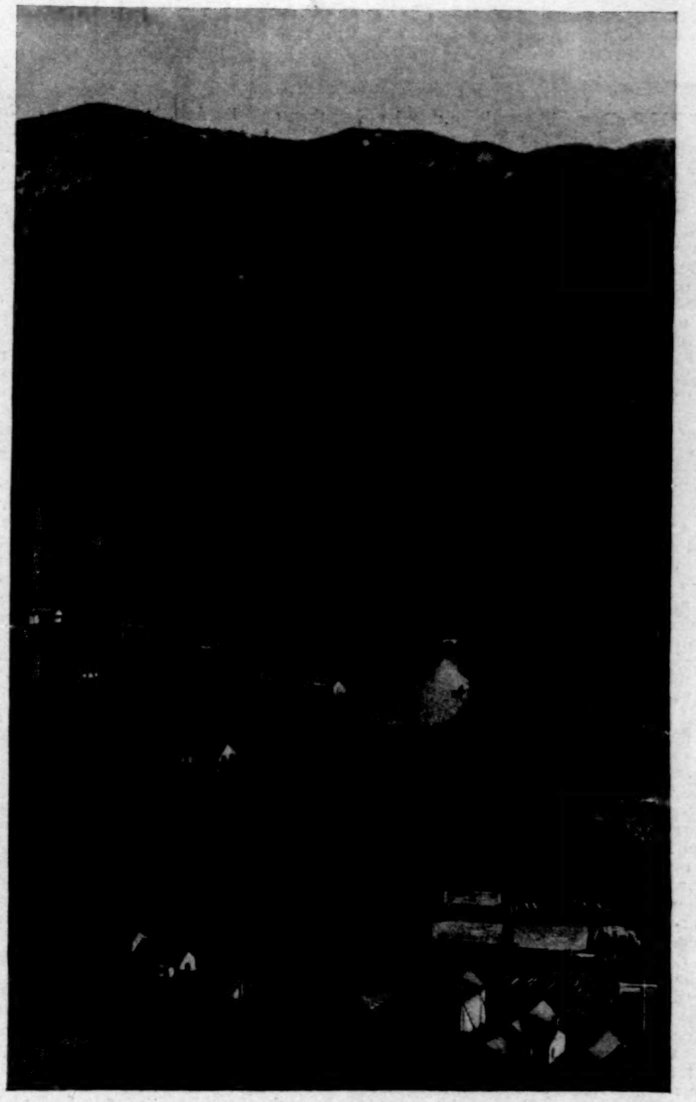
"Yes, I did," said Caddy, with a smile of satisfaction. "I got $50,000 worth of experience at a cost of about $100. That leaves a clear profit of $49,900."



A LUNCHEON WITH THE CAPTAIN.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 547.]

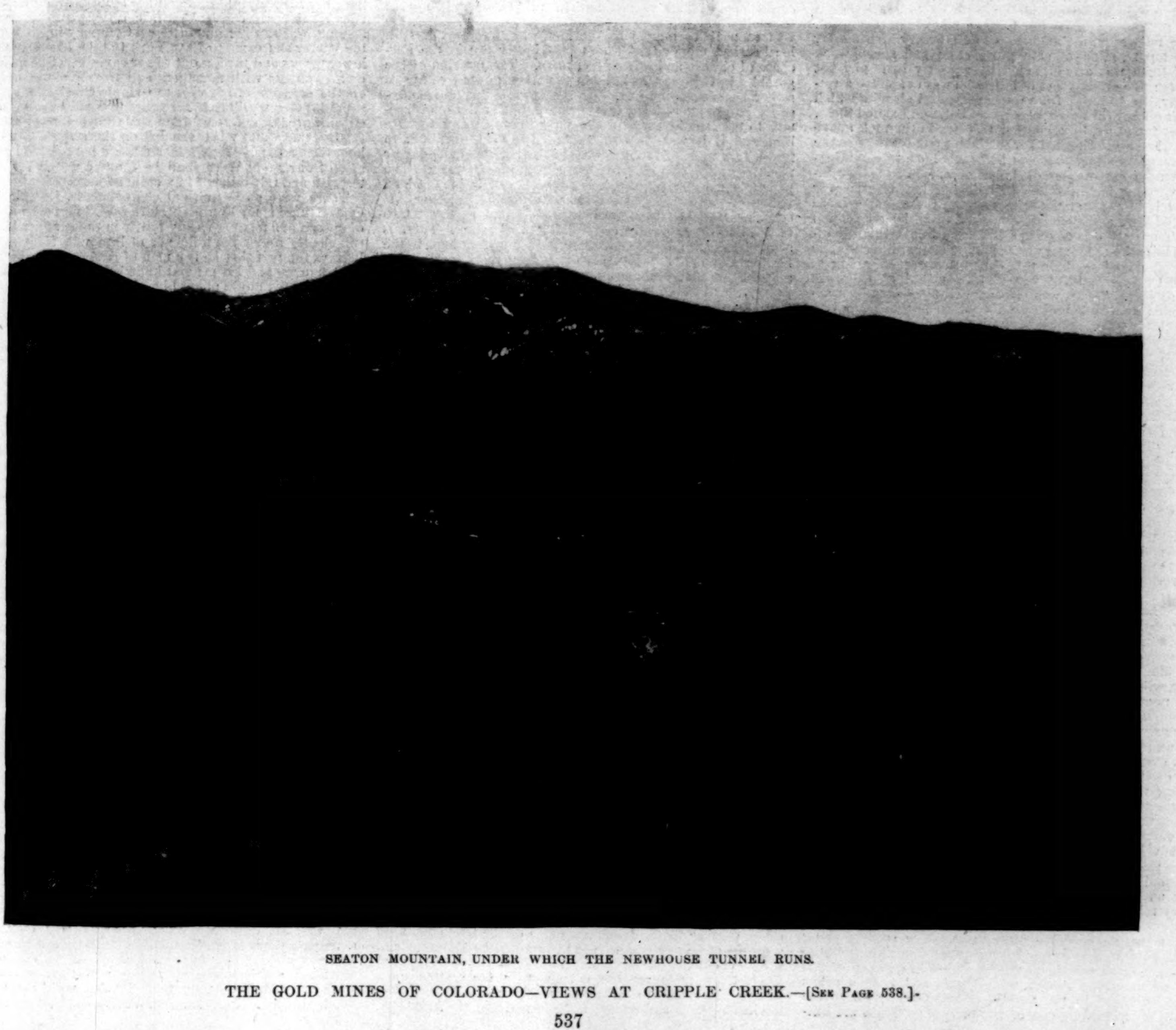


THE TOWN OF CRIPPLE CREEK.



AT WORK IN THE TUNNEL.

MOUTH OF NEWHOUSE TUNNEL AT IDAHO SPRINGS.



SEATON MOUNTAIN, UNDER WHICH THE NEWHOUSE TUNNEL RUNS.

THE GOLD MINES OF COLORADO—VIEWS AT CRIPPLE CREEK.—[See Page 538.]

THE GOLD MINES OF COLORADO.

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

WHILE silver still remains a moral rather than an economical issue in Colorado, and a citizen's opinion on the coinage question establishes his social status as his views on baptism would have done in another decade and place, the year 1894 is witnessing the evolution of the State from a silver-producing to a gold-producing one. Finding it impossible to mine silver profitably at present prices, the Colorado miners have simply turned their attention to the gold-bearing veins of the great mineral belt reaching from Long's Peak to beyond the southwest corner of the State, and they promise to dig up during the year from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars in the yellow metal. Nor is this estimate an extravagant one. Besides the newly discovered district of Cripple Creek, where there are millions almost literally "in sight," and the "Little Kingdom of Gilpin," which has been steadily producing its quota of gold for more than a quarter of a century, there are estimated to be five thousand opened veins in old or abandoned camps which have lain dormant since the mining of silver has been so much more profitable than that of gold, but which have been taken up this spring. And in the districts of Leadville, San Juan, Boulder, Clear Creek, Silver Cliff, Rosita, Breckenridge, Red Cliff, and innumerable other camps, thousands of the silver-miners of a year ago are now at work in the gold mines, and thousands more are prospecting in the mountains, and daily locating new claims. All through this vast gold territory, two hundred miles long by eighty miles wide, there is scarcely a square mile of hill-side where the conditions of mineralization exist that does not bear the marks of the gold-hunter—either the mine in full operation, with its shaft-house and "dump," or the small mound of yellowish soil where the miner has perhaps unsuccessfully put in his probe, or which marks a spot where a mining-plant is to be erected; but nowhere throughout the gold region do the sides of the grand old mountains remain unscarred.

Cripple Creek is the camp "on the boom," and hence the most interesting to the mere sight-seer. It is also the most productive camp in the State, over two and a quarter millions of dollars having been taken out of the ground last year, and the estimated production for this year, with two railroads soon to be completed into the camp, being $7,000,000. The Cripple Creek district lies near the western base of Pike's Peak, 9400 feet above the sea-level, at a distance from Colorado Springs of twenty miles as the crow flies, or more than thirty miles if the crow preferred to go by way of the Midland Railroad and the stage-coach line. It is not until the traveller boards the train that winds among lofty hills from Colorado Springs to Midland, whence the rest of the distance is by stage or wagon over the mountains, that the appearance of his fellow-passengers begins to suggest the wilderness and the rugged life of the mines. Until we reached Colorado Springs the passengers on the trains were the usual heterogeneous lot that one sees on the railroads all over the country. The occupants of the train that left the Springs for Midland, however, were all obviously mining men intent on mining business, or tourists bent on else than pleasure. A fine-looking lot of men they were, too, big fellows with slouch hats and trousers in boots for the most part, mine-owners, prospectors, and speculators. One of them was accompanied by a pretty little girl, not more than five or six years of age, who was evidently a veteran traveller, to judge from the experienced air with which she took off her fur tippet, cloak, and hat, and handed them, one after the other, to her father to place in the rack above her head before she settled her small self comfortably at the windows. I was told that she had been born in a mining-camp, where her mother died, and that, following her father's varying fortunes, she had during her brief career roughed it in most of the camps of the State, and a more contented little girl than she appeared to be I have seldom seen. The only others of her sex were two brilliantly attired ladies who remained under middle age with a cosmetic effort, and who, like their fellow-passengers, were going to Cripple Creek—"adventuresses" they would be called in polite society. There was also an evil-faced gambler, accompanied by a lame bull-pup, for which he evinced a tender solicitude. An English capitalist, who was said to represent a syndicate that was prepared to invest largely in mines, travelled with us in charge of an American promoter, who had brought the other across an ocean and a continent; and there were also a speculative Chinaman and two or three foreign laborers on their way to join in the search for gold.

At Midland everything was delightfully primitive, pristine, and frontierlike—when we turned our backs upon the engine. Two old-fashioned stage-coaches of the earliest type, looking exactly as if they had been modelled after one of Remington's pictures, were waiting at the station, and to each of these were attached six powerful horses, obviously bred by another Remington student. The drivers were just the sort of men that Bret Harte has told us all about—big and picturesque, and each absolute lord of his equipage and all who embarked with him. There were passengers enough to more than crowd both stages inside and out; and when the overloaded vehicles started, with the small and experienced traveller aforementioned looking out of the window of one, and the lame bull-pup through the legs of the driver of the other, those who were left were obliged to wait for the stages that met the afternoon train, or to hire a special conveyance at the livery-stable. Four of us drove over the mountain together in a surrey drawn by a pair of brisk horses, whereby it was that we reached the hotel at Cripple Creek more than an hour ahead of the stages, the pull being continuously up hill for two-thirds of the distance.

The drive from Midland to Cripple Creek on a fresh spring morning is something to be remembered. The narrow road winds along the edge of the mountains above precipitous cliffs, occasionally taking a short-cut through the sparsely growing timber to issue on a narrow ledge over another deep gorge. At varying distances the road was broadened to allow teams to pass each other, on which occasions there were very few inches to spare between the wheels of the outside vehicles and the edge of the precipice. Our driver told us that there was no danger of our going over, but the occasional bodies of dead horses on the rocks in the gullies below us did not tend to weaken an impression that the locality might be unhealthy in some circumstances.

But it was not any fanciful danger of falling off the mountain that made the drive memorable. The scenery along this stage route is as magnificent as almost anywhere in the Rockies. From one point the eye takes in a sweep of 300 miles of mountain ranges, with Pike's and Long's peaks looming grandly in the middle distance, while far to the southwest the white crests of the Sangre de Cristo are outlined against the sky, and the intervening landscape presents a scene of tangled forest, black hills, and gloomy valleys that rouses the latent barbaric instinct that exists in every human breast, and makes one feel an impulse to turn his back forever upon civilization and roam those primeval solitudes in savage freedom—for an hour or two.

We met numerous great four-horse wagons, loaded with ore for the railroad at Midland, on our way to Cripple Creek, and we passed many others carrying supplies for the town, which depends for its provender for man and beast on the outside world. It should make every American proud to note the fine specimens of physical manhood the West produces as compared with the same class in any other country. All the teamsters on the road were big and brawny, and they looked every one they met squarely in the face with the true American spirit of equality, and never gave up more than half of the road—a pleasing contrast from the cringing and obsequious conduct of the peasant wagoners of any European country in making way for an equipage which looks as if it might contain an aristocrat. A pretty sight that one would scarcely meet with anywhere outside of Western America we encountered near the town—a rosy-cheeked little girl, not more than ten years of age, with a basket on her arm, mounted on a tall bay horse, her sturdy blue-stockinged legs just long enough to reach stirrup and pommel, going to market at a gallop.

The town of Cripple Creek, which three years ago was a cattle range, and now has a population of 7000, is an interesting jumble of the primitive and modern. Most of the houses are log huts and one-story buildings of wood, many of them unpainted (though there are several two-story structures of brick, and others in course of erection). But the town is lighted by electricity. There is a complete water-works system, and there are two telegraph lines and a long-distance telephone. The only method of transportation for miles around is through the medium of the horse; but the residents of the district have a newspaper that daily publishes all the important foreign happenings of the day before, as well as the principal news of the United States and Cripple Creek, and there are two banks whose ramifications extend over the world. The gambling-houses and saloons are open all day and all night; but the town is not yet sufficiently civilized to turn them to political account, and the Mayor finds plenty of time to practise his profession, that of a physician, in the intervals of his official duties.

It is a curious anthropic miscellany that makes up the population of this bustling camp. One gets the impression that there are more loafers, and more busy men, and more men of well-to-do appearance sleeping under billiard tables, and more ragged men playing faro and roulette, than were ever before brought together. These conditions may be said to be interdependent, however, since there are two mining shifts—men who work at night and loaf in the daytime, and men who loaf at night and work by day. As they work underground and loaf on top, they are more in evidence as loafers than as workers. Likewise, if the well-dressed man hadn't played faro he probably would not be compelled to sleep under the billiard table, and perhaps he will soon be as ragged as the men who are playing with hard-earned money that they might better use in the purchase of clothes and other necessaries. The position of the gambler in Cripple Creek, as in the other mining camps, is rather an anomalous one. He is a law-abiding citizen because gambling is legal in the camp, but he does not hesitate to take the little all of the poor fellows who patronize him, and if it were not so easy for the working miner to find a faro table or roulette wheel at any hour of the day or night, he might be able to save a part of his wage. The principal gambling-house in Cripple Creek is in a saloon which occupies the ground-floor of a double building. It contains three or four roulette wheels and as many faro tables, and runs several "crap" and "tub" games. There is a great fireplace, large enough to burn four-foot logs, in the further end, and here a great fire is kept roaring all night, and the games continue as long as any one will play. The proprietor of this place is a public-spirited citizen, who is a trustee in the charity hospital, takes an active part in every movement tending to further the welfare of the town, and is a highly respected member of the community. His philanthropy in allowing all homeless men to sleep before his fire at night is descanted upon to visitors. Almost every saloon and dance-hall has its faro and roulette games, and the proprietors of these places are directly interested in the mines, and are most of them valued citizens. Gaming is within reach of all, for five-cent chips may be had at any of the tables, and a man who plays with five-dollar chips attracts almost as much attention and admiration as a plunger at Monte Carlo who plays the maximum.

The centre of activity in Cripple Creek, away from the mines, is the principal hotel—diffidently termed the "Palace"—about which surges all the commotion and bustle of the busy camp. From early morning until late at night men from the hills, on horseback and in surreys and light wagons, are continually arriving and departing; the stage-coaches from Midland and from Cañon City, forty miles to the south, deposit their passengers at intervals during the day, and idlers and busy men alike throng the verandas and corridors. Here is the office of the stage lines; behind enclosures with iron gratings are the desks of mining brokers and real-estate agents; mining maps hang upon the walls, and the telegraph, the telephone, and the type-writer are close to one's elbow. The photographic representations of "The Columbia Theatre Stock Company" hold an important position above the fireplace in a gorgeous frame, gazing upon the assembled multitude as proudly as the portraits of Daly's players in the drawing-room of the Metropole in London, and there is a display of brass cuspidors that would be at once the ambition and the despair of Charles Dickens had he been spared to visit Cripple Creek. The contrast I have noted before between the number of men who have nothing at all to do and those who apparently have a great deal more business than they can possibly attend to is nowhere more striking. Half the men in the crowded room stand for a whole evening gazing stolidly at the walls over each others' heads, devoting their emotions and energies entirely to narcotic rumination. Those who compose the other half are scarcely on the same spot a moment at a time—scrambling up and down stairs, buttonholing one man after another, darting to the telegraph office or the telephone with a degree of energy that is sure to win success if the texts in the early copy-books are true. Mining is the sole topic of interest. Politics, religion, even women, are seldom mentioned. The visitor overhears allusions to the Victor Mine, the leading dividend-payer; to the Anaconda, the Anna Lee, the Strong, and the Pharmacist. You hear that somebody has struck a vein in some mine that assays wonderfully, and has suddenly left for New York, or that pay ore has been discovered in some new district. One grizzled veteran steals up to another, touches him furtively on the shoulder, and draws him mysteriously into a corner to exhibit cautiously a piece of rock which he holds almost entirely covered with his hands, discoursing the while in whispers, as if the public exhibition of the calculous fragment or the disclosure of the secret of its nativity meant the loss of a fortune. Lawyers and clients in various parts of the room are holding animated discussions over maps and legal papers; reporters are drifting about the room picking up information of new developments and discoveries in the mines; mining experts are comparing ores and opinions; the proprietor of the hotel is leading up one citizen after another to sign a petition for a more extensive mail service; a knot of men are arguing with the clerk over the hotel register with a view to obtaining rooms, and refuse to be comforted because they are not; speculators are writing at the telegraph desk as fast as they can take each other's places, and it is obvious from the numerous trips everybody is making through the door that leads into the bar-room that the reflection the chief executive of a Southern State is said to have cast upon the holder of the highest office in the gift of the people of an adjoining commonwealth may not be flung broadcast in Cripple Creek.

The turmoil of the hotel corridor was interrupted on the evening of my arrival in camp by the clerk rapping on his desk with a ruler. Every one in the room at once gave attention, and even the stolid idlers who had been devoted to the walls turned their heads and appeared interested as an unusually pretty little girl of twelve years was lifted to the counter. She was dressed very tastefully, and was not one-tenth part as embarrassed as the cashier of a bank, who introduced her as "Little Sara," and informed the assemblage that she would speak for herself. Little Sara did speak for herself.

"Some of you know who I am—those of you who come from Denver," she said, in a singularly sweet voice. "I am 'Little Sara,' the dancer. Well, I am on my way to San Francisco, where I am going to have an engagement, and I have come to Cripple Creek on my way to sell my photograph to help pay expenses. You see, I have been to considerable expense this year, because I have been taking lessons in New York, and they charge you like everything down there. The photographs are fifty cents each, and I have them for sale right here."

Almost every one in the room bought a photograph, and Little Sara answered all questions concerning herself with the utmost freedom and composure while she stowed away her half-dollars. She combined a winning childish simplicity with the *savoir faire* of a woman twice her age. It should not be understood that she was at all forward, either. It was hard to believe, in fact, that, laboring under her disadvantages, she should appear such a well-bred little girl. Little Sara has supported herself and her eight-year-old brother by dancing since the death of her father, two years ago, and last summer was in the Lillian Russell Company in Chicago. In the winter she came to New York to take lessons, and paid her expenses and tuition out of her savings. She makes her own contracts with managers and travels alone, unless, as on the occasion of her visit to Cripple Creek, she takes her small brother with her. No princess could have been treated with greater deference than was shown Little Sara in the mining camp, and when she left on the stage a day or two later the leading citizens gathered to see her off. Where, outside of our great West, shall be found a match for her enterprise and self-reliance in a child of her age?

There were other unusual characters in Cripple Creek. One of these is an English "shift boss," normally as rough of speech and manner as any miner in the camp, who, when sufficiently under the influence of liquor to forget himself, betrays the fact that he is a man of education in his use of the language and his general knowledge. He can never be induced to say aught about himself, and never speaks except in the frontier dialect save when drink causes him to forget his caution. Another scholar among the miners is an Irishman who was educated for the priesthood in Dublin, but came to the mines a dozen years ago, and is fond of quoting Latin and Greek, but still fonder of a bout at fisticuffs with any man in camp of his own size or a size or two larger.

Public amusements in Cripple Creek, as in other mining camps, are confined mostly to gambling-saloons and dance-halls, though Cripple Creek has a theatre and a regular stock company. I had the pleasure of seeing this company in *The Streets of New York*. The theatre is situated over a livery-stable, which circumstance precludes the necessity for smelling-salts in the audience. The auditorium was heated by a great wood-stove close to the stage, which roasted the people in the front seats, but had little effect in the rear of the room. In consequence attention was frequently diverted from the stage by conflicts between the gentlemen in the front row, who attempted to moderate the heat of the stove, and gentlemen from the back seats, who come up to put more wood on the fire and open the dampers. The Columbia Stock Company of players had not, perhaps, been favored with as careful training as they might have received at the Comédie Française, nor had much attention been paid to their wardrobes, yet there are first-class companies in first-class theatres that would be glad to have so attentive an audience. The only real contretemps that occurred was when the gentleman who took the part of Mark Livingston (with an unmistakable Bowery accent and Baxter Street outfit), and who played throughout the first four acts close to the wings, whence issued a still small voice reading his lines to him, gave way to impatience in the last act as he was haltingly pleading his undying affection for Lucy Fairweather (with an unmistakable Hoosier dialect and Terre Haute dressmaker), and reaching into the wings, snatched the book of the play, from which he read the rest of his part with as much composure as was possible in view of the circumstance that the unseen prompter was profanely threatening him with evisceration and excecation from the side, to the great delight of the front rows.

The dancing and music halls of the mining-camp afford scope for scarcely any other sentiments than those of pity and disgust. The women, who alternately sing on the stage and dance with the men on the floor, are ridiculously pathetic objects in their soiled short skirts, cheap fancy stockings, and shabby gilded shoes, with their grotesque efforts at coquetry among their loutish male companions. Their duties include those of waitresses; and as each depends for her livelihood on the commission she gets from the sale of drinks, there is an active alcoholic propaganda in constant operation. Most of these women are incredibly old and faded and ugly, and their efforts artificially to conceal the ravages of time and dissipation pitifully palpable. There are numerous very young girls among them too, some scarcely more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, who seem as hardened and depraved as their elders.

Cripple Creek is not the only town in what is known as the Cripple Creek district. There are the old-established towns of Mound City, Anaconda, Arequa, Lawrence, and Hull City, which have been in existence more than a year; and Altman and Victor, only a few months under construction, and populated mostly by the employés of the mines. Altman consists of scarcely more than two rows of log houses on the slope of a hill; but it has a full-fledged government, a newspaper, and a general store, with *blasé* dummies wearing beautiful ready-made clothes and fashionable hats in the window, as politely as if they were looking out on Broadway instead of into the wilderness.

Central City is the principal town of "the Little Kingdom of Gilpin," after Cripple Creek the leading gold-producing district of Colorado, but, unlike Cripple Creek, an old-established camp that for the last fifteen years has turned out its $2,000,000 per annum in gold. Eight thousand people, living in Central City, Black Hawk, and Nevadaville, that lie—like a string of sausages, as a poetically minded resident observed—across the mountains, are supported by these gold mines. One of the fine views of the Rockies is afforded from the railroad train that zigzags along the edge of the mountain, partly on trestle-work, from Black Hawk to Central City. From the windows of this train it almost seems possible to drop a plumb-line into the chimneys of the Black Hawk buildings, and a train that went off the track at one point would fall on to the roofs. I considered this possibility as the train slowly climbed along the mountain-side, and am glad that I was not informed until afterward that the trestle had been condemned.

A more bleak and desolate region—in spite of its mineral wealth—than this "Little Kingdom" it is difficult to imagine. There is nothing of the picturesque about it. In the towns the most prominent buildings are the dingy smelteries and milling-plants, and the distinguishing features are railroad and tram-car tracks, and dirty ore-wagons drawn by tired-looking horses and mules, with the usual array of idlers before the saloon doors or smoking short pipes on the edge of the sidewalks. On the hills everything is bare and forlorn in appearance, for the workers are belowground, and the unpainted shaft-houses on the mountain-sides do not add beauty to the landscape. The roads are rough and deeply cut by the heavy loads of ore that are constantly hauled over them, and as far as the eye can reach across the granite hills are the ragged scars made by the gold-hunters, showing white against the gray. Gregory's Gulch, where gold was first found, has been worked down to the bed-rock for miles by the placers, and there is scarcely ten feet of earth in the district that has not been turned over by the miner's shovel.

We drove over Seaton Mountain to the Union Pacific Railroad at Idaho Springs, where is the mouth of the Newhouse tunnel, the mining sensation of Colorado to-day. On this drive of between four and five miles we passed more than three hundred mines and prospect-holes on established ore veins, a majority of which were idle because it costs more to pump the water from them after the shaft is sunk below a certain depth than the product amounts to. One mine stopped work after it had been computed that for every ton of ore that had been taken out for a month over forty tons of water had been lifted to the surface. For years the idea of running a tunnel under Seaton Mountain to cut the gold veins that have already been worked from the top has been discussed; but the project was so vast that nothing was ever done about it until a year ago, when Newhouse quietly purchased the Idaho Springs end of the mountain, and prepared to bore a hole through to Central City. Two hydraulic plants are located on the property, so that in case any accident should happen to the machinery of one the work need not be delayed, for the Newhouse tunnel is being drilled more rapidly than any hole was ever before bored through solid granite. Three shifts of men, using the latest and most approved hydraulic drills, work eight hours each out of the twenty-four, and each shift makes five feet per day. The tunnel is now in a thousand feet under the base of the mountain; and as it is to run under Seaton Mountain, Russell Gulch, and Quartz Hill, a distance of between four and five miles, it will take four years to complete it. It will probably be a year before a gold vein of any magnitude is reached, but miners estimate that the tunnel will make $200,000,000 worth of the precious metal accessible. As Gilpin County, which has the smallest area of any county in the State, has already produced $75,000,000 in gold since the "Pike's Peak excitement," when the precious metal was first discovered in Colorado, its claim to the title of "the Little Kingdom" would seem to be justified. The Newhouse tunnel, however, which runs at a depth of 2500 feet below the top of Seaton Mountain, and will be 2300 below the surface at its terminus in Central City, will rob Gilpin of some of its glory as well as of a large part of its population, since the ore from the tunnel will be brought to the surface at Idaho Springs, where already great milling-plants and smelteries are being erected.

The tunnel is 13 feet wide and 8 feet high. A double car track runs into it, the rails being laid in 15 feet further each day as the tunnelling progresses. Five men in each of the three eight-hour shifts direct the two Leyner drills, that are kept going the entire twenty-four hours, with three brief intervals for blasting and clearing away the débris far enough back to go on with the drilling again, when the broken granite is run out to the "dump" at the mouth of the tunnel on cars.

Leadville, which once set the pace for all mining-camps, is now staid and quiet, and the dimensions of the coroner's office and its prominent location is all that is left to suggest the tales of blood and heroism that even more than the marvellous mineral wealth of the district gave the town a world-wide reputation. Residents say that the population has been reduced at least 3000 in the last two years by the migration of miners to Cripple Creek, and sadly recall the days when the file of men at the post-office delivery window was a quarter of a mile long, and the loafers of Leadville made an easy living by forming in this line, and selling their places to busy men to whom time was money. Nevertheless, there are plenty of gambling-saloons and dance-halls open in Leadville to-day, and no citizen or visitor need be driven to bed before daybreak because he has no other place to go to.

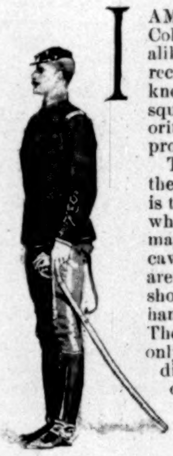
In a business sense Leadville, however, is still one of the most wide-awake cities on earth. The great silver mines of Carbonate, Fryer, and Iron Hills, which have already yielded $175,000,000 in silver and lead, are closed. The Maid of Erin mine, from which alone has been taken one and a half millions in silver, is running pumping machinery at a cost of $1000 per week to prevent filling up with water, while not an ounce of ore is being mined. Accepting the situation that there is no money to be made in silver at present, the silver mines are practically abandoned. "The world wants gold," said the Leadville *Herald-Democrat*, early in the year, voicing the sentiment of the citizens. "Well, we will give it gold." And forthwith the miners have turned their energies to its production with the same vigor that characterized the exploitation of the silver district fifteen years ago. Throughout the gold belt, which is about four square miles in extent, from Long and Derry Hill across Printer Boy and Breece Hills, Ball Mountain and Little Ellen Hill to Big Evans Gulch, shafts are being sunk as rapidly as men and machinery can accomplish miracles. All over this district shaft-houses are springing up like magic, the lonely hills—lonely no longer—are swarming with workmen, up the roads mules and horses are dragging heavy machinery, and the sound of the hammer scarcely ceases day and night. Mines like the Little Johnny, the Uncle Sam, the Eliza, and the Highland Chief are already big producers; and so rapidly are all mining operations being pushed that a conservative estimate of Leadville's gold production for this year is $2,000,000, which the miners promise to increase by geometrical progression in 1895 and 1896.

The mine-owners and superintendents of Leadville, as in the rest of Colorado, are very hospitable in the way of allowing gentlemen whose feet are sensitive to go down in the mines; and the proper thing is for your host to knock off a bit of ore from a rich vein and present it to you, with the information that it is worth so many thousand dollars a ton. He seldom offers to send a ton to your address, however. The visitor is not expected to manifest any uneasiness in the shaft-house when a miner puts Hercules powder in his boot-tops to carry below for blasting, and then backs up close to the red-hot stove. Neither must the tenderfoot hesitate to stand on the edge of a bucket, clinging to the rope with one hand and holding a candle in the other, to drop down a few hundred feet into a mine. Should he get into the bucket for the descent his shame will be perpetuated while he remains in camp. It is also bad form for the visitor to admit that he is fatigued after a mining superintendent has put him through a course of sprouts below the surface—up and down shaky perpendicular ladders; over the inclines of the slopes, where the green one walks in a crouching position, and knocks his head against the timbering at every other step; through passages where he climbs on all-fours, or even crawls on his belly; over open shafts, where he knows there is an even chance of his falling part way to the centre of the earth; and through mud and water of various depths.

Benjamin Sadtler, Professor of Metallurgy and Mineralogy in the Colorado State School of Mines, one of the first practical as well as scientific authorities on mining in the West, estimates the gold production for Cripple Creek this year at $7,000,000, for Gilpin County at $4,000,000, for Leadville at $2,000,000, and for Clear Creek at from one-half to three-quarters of a million dollars, with a sufficient output from the smaller camps to bring the total up to between fifteen and twenty millions. The estimates for the succeeding five or ten years, when the Newhouse tunnel reaches the rich veins of Seaton Mountain, the shafts of Cripple Creek and Leadville are sunk deeper, and the new mines begin to produce, are enormous. One of Colorado's pioneers, who has himself made a fortune in silver, said to me, "Two years from now Colorado will have forgotten that she ever was a silver State."

A MODEL SQUADRON.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON—ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.



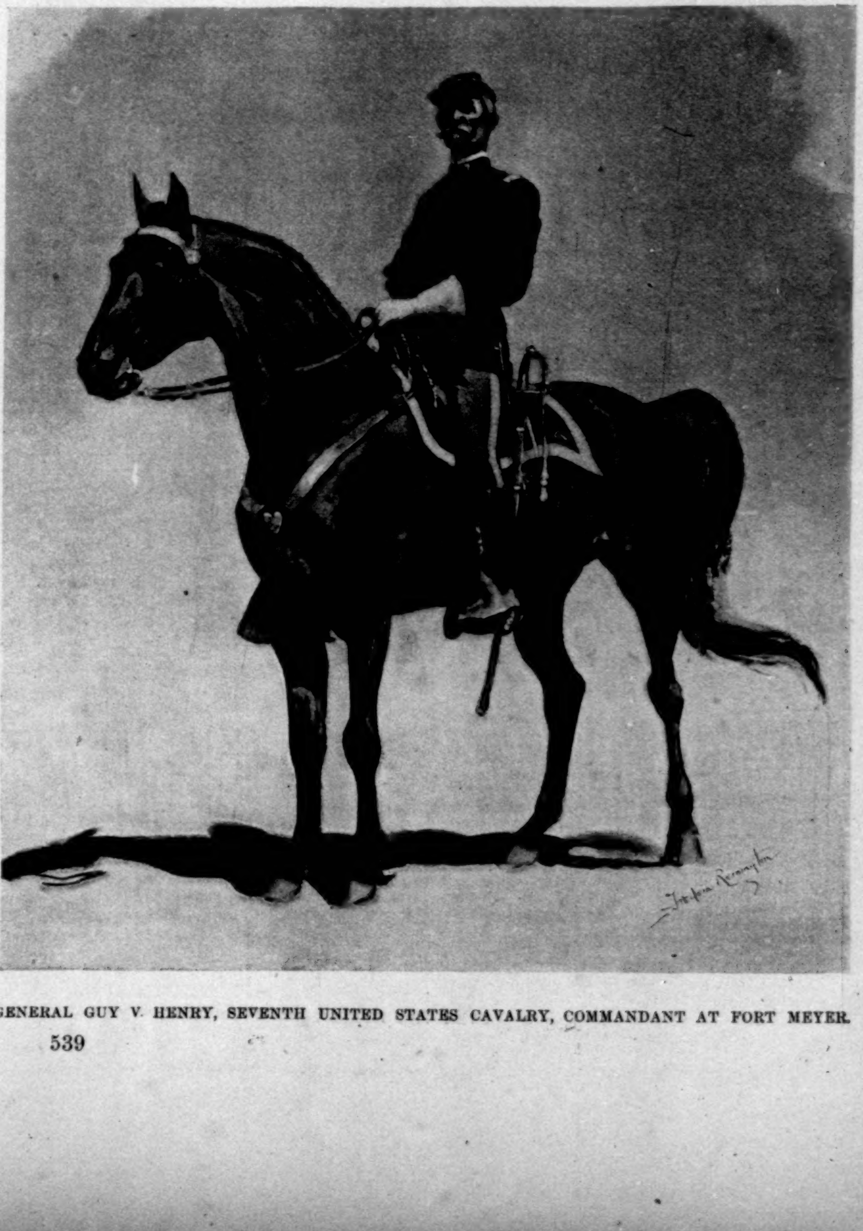
I AM not quite sure that I should not say "The Model Colonel," since every one knows men and horses are much alike when they have first passed under the eye of the recruiting officer and the remount board, and every one knows that colonels are very unlike, so that a model squadron or a model troop is certain to owe its superiority to its commander; but as we are observing the product in this instance, let the title stand as above stated.

The model squadron aforesaid is quartered across the Potomac from Washington in Fort Meyer, which is the only purely cavalry post in the country. Everywhere else the troops are mixed, and the commandant may be of any arm of the service. Here they are all cavalry, with cavalry officers and cavalry ideas, and are not hindered by dismounted theories, or pick-and-shovel work, or any of the hundreds of things which hamper equally good "yellow legs" in other posts. There are many passable misdemeanors in this post, but only one crime, and that is bad riding. There is little dismounted work, and any soldier can have his horse out on a pass, so long as he does not abuse the privilege; and when he does, it's plenty of walking falls to his lot.

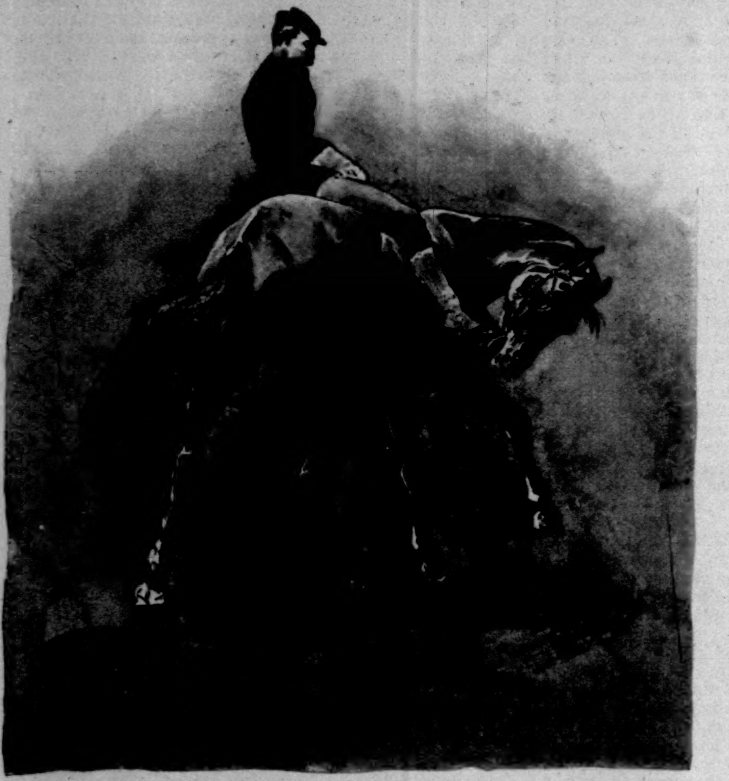
There is a large brick riding-hall of approved pattern, which enables the men to do their work in all weathers. The four troops now quartered there are from the First, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth regiments, which creates a good-natured rivalry, very conducive to thorough work. It is the opinion of General Henry that one old troop should always be left at this post as a pace-setter for the newly transferred ones, which seems reasonable.

Now to tell what the preparatory discipline is to the magnificent riding which can be seen any morning by spectators who are "game for a journey" to the fort by ten o'clock, I must say that General Guy V. Henry is a flaming fire of cavalry enthusiasm. He has one idea—a great broad expanse of principle—ever so simple in itself, but it is basic, and nothing can become so complicated that he cannot revert to his simple idea and by it regulate the whole. It is the individual training of the horse and rider. One bad rider or one unbroken horse can disarrange the whole troop movement, and "woe to him" who is not up to concert pitch! "Who is the scoundrel, the lummux, humph?" and the colonel, who is a brevet-brigadier-general, strides up and down, and fire comes from his nostrils. "Prefer charges against him, captain!" and the worst befalls. The unfortunate trooper has committed the highest crime which the commandant of Fort Meyer knows—he cannot ride.

A soldier becomes a rider by being bucketed about on a bareback horse, or he dies. The process is simple, the tanbark soft, and none have died up to date, but all have attained the other alternative. This is unimportant; but the horse—it is to his education that the oceans of patience and the mountains of intelligence are brought to bear. It is all in the books if any one cares to go into it. It is the gathering of the horse; it is the legs carried to the rear of the girths; it is the perfect hand and the instant compliance of the horse with the signs as indicated by the rider; it is the backing, the passaging, the leading with either foot, and the pivoting on the front legs; it is the throwing of horses, the acquisition of gaits, and the nice bitting; it is one hundred little struggles with the brute until he comes to understand and to know that he must do his duty. It all looks beautifully simple, but in practice we know



GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, COMMANDANT AT FORT MEYER.



THROWING A HORSE.

that while it is not difficult to teach a horse, it is quite another matter to unteach him, so in these horses at least no mistakes have been made. After all this, one fine sunny Friday morning the people drove out from Washington in their traps and filed into the galleries and sat down—fair women and brave men; of the former we are sure, and of the latter we trust. The colonel blew a whistle—ye gods, what a sacrilege against all the traditions of this dear old United States army!—and in rode Captain Bomus's troop of the First Plungers, which I cannot but love, since I am an honorary member of their officers' mess, and fondly remember the fellows who are now sniffing alkali dust down in Arizona. They were riding with blankets and surcingles, and did their part of a drill, the sequence of which I have forgotten, since it was divided with the three other troops, Captain Bell's, of the Seventh, Captain Hughes's, of the Ninth, and Captain Fountain's, of the Eighth. I felt a strong personal interest in some of these men, for memory took me back to a night's ride in Dakota with a patrol of the Ninth, when they were all wrapped in buffalo-skin overcoats, with white frost on their lapels; the horses' noses wore icicles, and the dry snow creaked under the tread of the hoofs as we rode over the starlit plain and through the black shadows of the coulees. I had pounded along also through the dust in the wake of this troop of the Eighth when it wasn't so cold, but was equally uncomfortable.

The sharp commands of the captain soon put the troop in motion, and they trotted along with a cadenced tread, every man a part of his horse; they broke into fours and wheeled to the right about, then into line and wound themselves up in the "spiral," and unwound again, and soon brought order out of a mess, and the regular canter was ever the same. Then low hurdles were strung across the hall, and by column of fours the troop went over, never breaking the formation; to the rear they turned and back again; finally they took the obstacle in line, and every horse rose as though impelled by the same mechanism. As if this was not enough, every second man was dismounted and put on double with a comrade, not with his breast to his comrade's back, but back to back, and then in line the odd cavalcade charged the hurdles, and took them every one. It was not an individual bucketing of one horse after another, but all in line and all together. After this what could there be more to test the "glue" in these troopers' seats? There was more, however, and in this wise: The saddles were put on, but without any girths, and all the movements were gone through with again, ending up with a charge down the hall, and bringing up against the wall of the spectators' stand at a sharp "halt," which would have unseated a monkey from a trick-mule.

The horses were all thrown by pulling their heads about, and one cavalryman amused himself by jumping over his prostrate mount. They rode "at will," and stood upon their knees on their horses' backs. One big animal resented carrying double, and did something which in Texas would be called "pitching," but it was scarcely a genuine sample, since the grinning soldiers made little of it.

The troop of the Ninth executed a "left backward turn" with beautiful precision, and this difficult undertaking will serve to give one an idea of the training of the mounts.

Gymnastics of all sorts were indulged in, even to the extent of turning summersaults over four horses from a spring-board. A citizen near me, whose mind had probably wandered back to Barnum and Bailey, said,

"But what's this got to do with soldiers; is it not highly flavored with circus?"

I could offer no excuse except the tradition that cavalrymen are supposed to ride well. All the men were young and in first-rate physical fix, and seemed to enjoy the thing—all except one old first sergeant, who had been time-expired these half-dozen times, whose skin was so full of bullet-holes that it wouldn't hold blood, and who had entered this new régime with many protests:

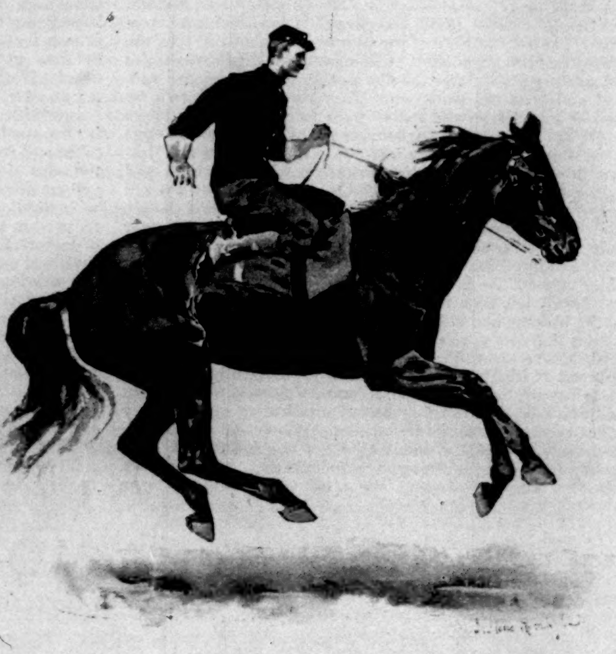
"O'me nau circus ape; I can't be leppin' around afther the likes av thim!" whereat the powers arranged it so that the old veteran got a job looking after plug tobacco, tomato-cans, tinned beef, and other "commissaries," upon which he viewed the situation more cheerfully.

The drill was tremendously entertaining to the ladies and gentlemen in the gallery, and they clapped their hands and went bustling into their traps and off down the road to the general's house, where Madam the General gave a breakfast, and the women no doubt asked the second lieutenants deliciously foolish questions about their art. The gentlemen, some of whom are Congressmen and other exalted governmental functionaries, felt proud of the cavalry, and went home with a determination to combat any one hostile to cavalry legislation, if a bold front and firm purpose could stay the desecrating hand.

But all this work is primary and elementary. The second degree is administered in field-work, comprising experimental marches, and those who know General Henry by reputation will not forget his hundred-mile march with the Ninth Cavalry at Pine Ridge, and those who know him personally will become acquainted with his theory that a cavalry command in good condition, with proper feeds, should make fifty miles a day, with a maximum on the road of ten hours a day, moving at the rate of five miles an hour in cavalry halts, the gaits being walk, trot, and leading, with a day's rest each week, to be continued indefinitely. And knowing all this, they will be sure that the model squadron wears out a good many horseshoes in a season.

The "Cossack outposts" are another feature much insisted on, and, strange to say, this arrangement was first invented in America, despite its name (see Wagner's *Outposts*), and is an improvement on picket posts in a ratio of 240 to 324. Another movement is the "form square," which is an adaptation of the "Indian circle," it being a movement from a centre to a circle, and useful when escorting wagons or when surprised. The non-commissioned officers are sent on reconnoissance, on patrols, and are required to make maps, which are submitted to an inspector.

Another scheme which I have never seen was the linking of a troop of horses, formed in a circle, to one another, by hooking the regular cavalry links from one horse's bridle to the next one's halter ring, and then leaving them in charge of one man. I also saw the new cavalry bit for the first time. It is commended by all who use it, and I saw no horses boring on it or in the least uppish about going against it, and I never remember a horse who would not do either the one or the other to the old trap which was formerly worn.

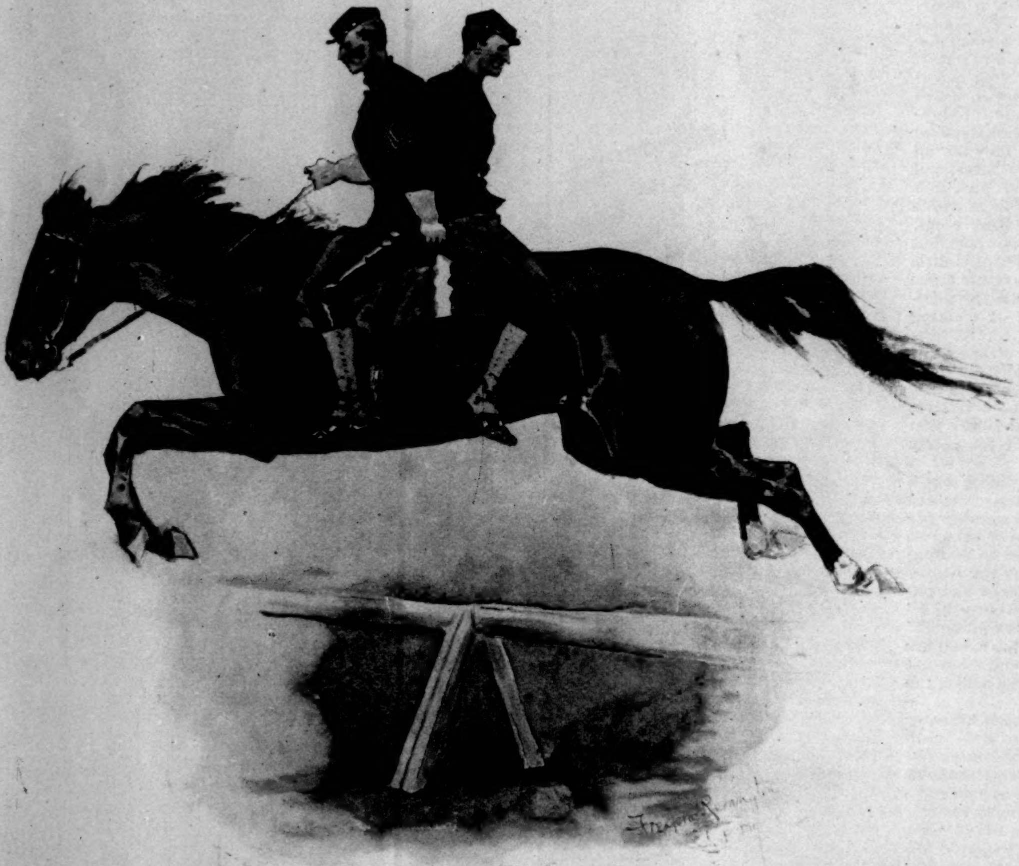


RIDING SITTING ON LEGS.

Two other curious movements indulged in by this squadron are the firing over horses while they are lying down; and, riding double—the man faced to the rear draws his pistol, and while moving to the rear keeps shooting. It might be useful during a slow retreat, and could be done with the carbine equally well.

This whole enterprise at Fort Meyer is vastly encouraging. As one officer said, "We take no credit for it, since others could do the same if they had riding-halls and cavalry officers in command." But there are cavalry officers and there are cavalry officers, and it is not every day one is born. For thirty-five years has the old general sat in a McClellan saddle, and the tremendous enthusiasm of newly joined "sub" still remains. The very thought of a wagon arouses his indignation, and every day the mules are brought into the riding-hall, and the men initiated into the intricacies of the "diamond hitch." It takes a past master to pack a mule in twenty-two seconds, however, and I saw that feat accomplished in General Henry's command.

It is a grand thing for the young men to have this practical training by these old veterans of the civil war and the alkali plains before they go on the retired list. It is well for a young man to know enough not to unsaddle a sweating troop of horses in a broiling sun, and to learn that it makes sore backs; and it is quite important if men can cook rations, and not go up to the sky-line of a hill when scouting, and rival the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," when it is clearly their business to throw what light they have behind them and not before. It takes experience to put the sole of a boot back on the upper, when it has fetched loose, with four horseshoe nails, and it is not every man that knows that the place to intrench is on the edge of a cut bank, near water, if one expects ever to get out of a round-up. No one can figure that a recruit will know how many people passed over the road before him, or which way they were going, and it takes a long head and good nerves not to pull a trigger unless the sight is dark on the object when the fight may last all day and probably all night; but all these things are not taught in school. If a horse under him is weakening on a long march in an enemy's country, it is an ignorant fool who uses a spur instead of good sense. That's the time to unload a few dollars' worth of government property. But who can understand the value of a rubber blanket,



OVER THE HURDLE BACK TO BACK.

A MODEL SQUADRON—OVER THE HURDLES IN LINE.

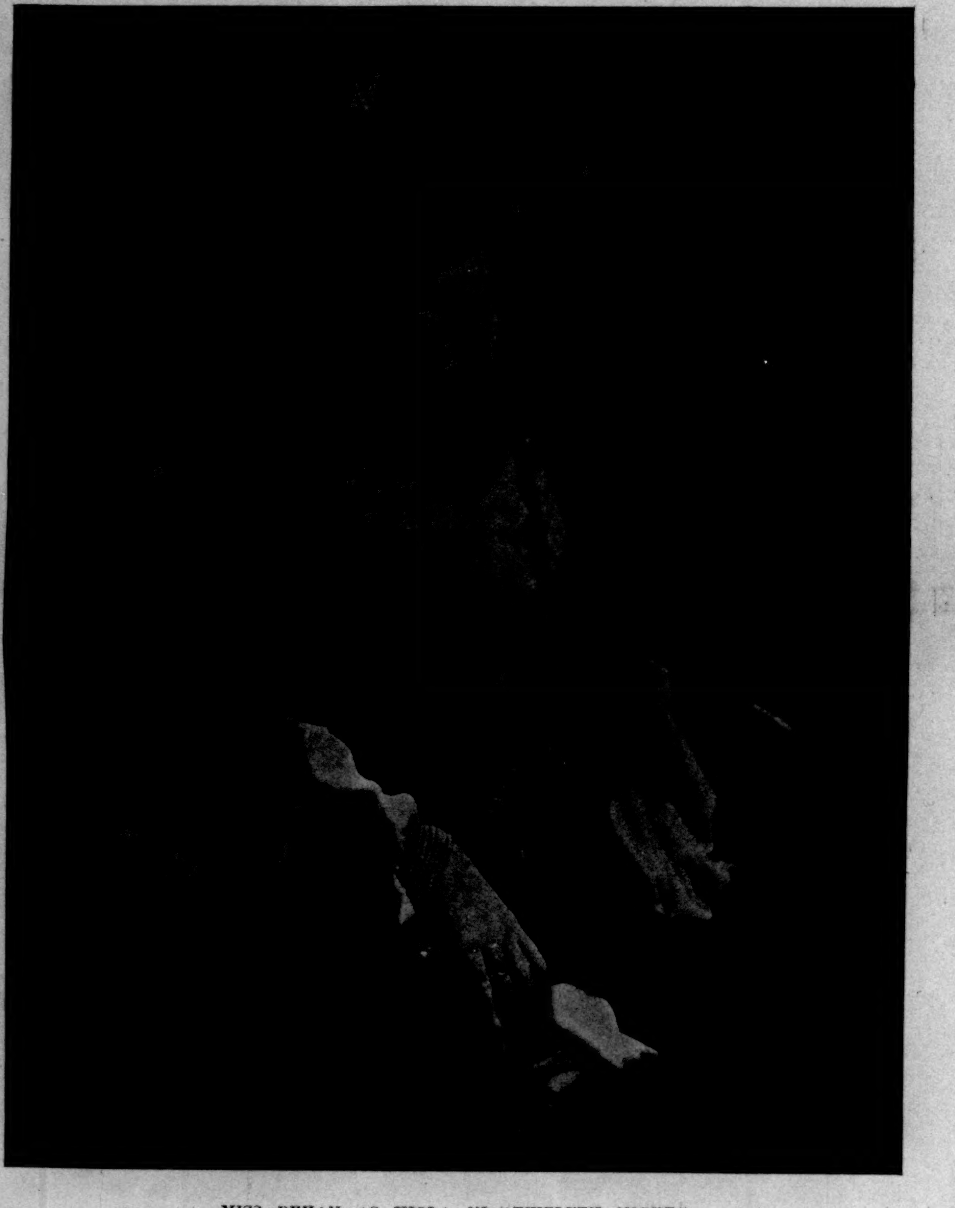
fifty rounds of ammunition, and a pocket full of grub, with a feed of grain in the bag, but one who has tried it? There are lots of dead soldiers who would have learned these lessons if they had been older. In my opinion, the tremendous box of tricks which Uncle Sam's horses are supposed to carry has put more men afoot than will ever be admitted; but at least the old boot has gone, though there is yet room for an intelligent hand with a jack-plane to shave off that cavalry pack. I am inclined to take what every one tells me is a "cranky" view on this subject, but let it stand until the next hard campaign, and I hope to be able to be more lucid. Horses are horses, and horses are not made of wood, iron, or by rule of thumb.

To revert to Fort Meyer: it is altogether refreshing; it is worth any one's while to go there and see four troops of cavalry which cannot be beaten, and it is positively exhilarating to meet their creator, a thoroughly typical United States cavalry officer, and I'm bound to say his successor in command has had a hard pace set for him.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ADA REHAN.

BY LADY JEUNE.

Between the two branches of the great English-speaking family, the elder here, and the other across the wide Atlantic, there have been feuds, bitter animosity, keenly debated questions, and much plain speaking—in fact, the typical quarrels which arise in all domestic relations, which, though less vehement and frequent, must always, from time to time, arouse warm discussions in our independent high-spirited Anglo-Saxon race. But there is one point on which the clamor of strife is silent and all differences disappear, and that is in the generous warm-hearted welcome given by the public of both countries to the distinguished sons and daughters of England and America who, happily for us both, often visit each other's shores, which shows that though oceans divide us, we are the same people, with the same interests, hopes, tastes, and aspirations. Politicians, authors, actors, dramatists, have always received the same hearty appreciation at the hands of both countries, and it is the sympathy which both countries share in the culture and refinement of their lives that is one of the strongest bonds between us. In the few words which we propose to say on the subject of our paper we naturally turn at once with gratitude and pleasure to the memory of the generous reception given by America to Mr. Irving and Miss Terry during their many visits to the States, which in every way seems to represent the most ideal welcome ever enjoyed by any visitor to another country. With the memory of that welcome still in our hearts, which was given at once so generously and so unsparingly, may we not with sorrow and shame recall that in England we failed at the onset to give the same to one who at any rate we now by acclamation acknowledge to be perhaps in some ways the finest English-speaking actress of the nineteenth century, and whose reputation has become European. It seems impossible, in looking back on Miss Rehan's first appearance in England, to realize that she was allowed to play to almost empty houses and unappreciative audiences. There is something to be said, however, in expiation, if any one will carry back his memory to the terrible heat of the July and August of 1884, when even Sarah Bernhardt failed to cajole her admirers to witness many of her great impersonations. In both 1884 and 1886 Miss Rehan played in small theatres, and we cannot but feel that for her répertoire a large theatre is almost a necessity to her personality. Her strong dramatic power seems cramped among small surroundings, and we maintain that had she appeared at the beginning in a large theatre we should not have to reproach ourselves with our somewhat tardy appreciation. Every one remembers, when she appeared in 1888, the surprise, the genuine delight, the irrepressible admiration and applause, which greeted the most fascinating and brilliant Catherine that this century has ever seen. Who can ever forget the storm of passion, the vision of wild untamed beauty, which appeared in the first scene of the *Taming of the Shrew*, or the intense interest and admiration with which we followed the development of the mad, angry, outraged woman into the loving gentle wife, or forget the sweet and tender accents of the voice in which Catherine acknowledges and glories in her subjection. The whole gamut of human rage, anger, and love is touched with the fairy hand of the great artist, and in all her great parts Miss Rehan has never surpassed her Catherine. The return of the Daly company in 1890 was anxiously looked for, as we were promised to see Miss Rehan in *As You Like It*, the play which is the ambition of every actress to perform, and which requires the greatest genius and ability. Rosalind, the sweetest and most enticing of Shakespeare's heroines, the most womanly, the most tender, and the greatest riddle of any. An earlier generation had seen the part played by Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit), and though it had been played by later actresses, Lady Martin's acting of the part has descended as the most beautiful traditional rendering of it. How would the new Rosalind play it? was the great question, and it was soon answered by acclamation. Divinely wayward, boyish, hoidenish, enjoying the fun, sparkling with mischief, brimming over with youth, beauty, and vitality, the new Rosalind boldly stepped on the boards, and played Rosalind with a surpassing genius.



MISS REHAN AS VIOLA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

Never for one moment does Miss Rehan lose herself. Her strong personality, her high breeding, her perfect control, her strong sense of fun, and in the end her weariness of the part she plays, her longing to be free from her disguise and to declare herself to her lover, her tenderness and final acknowledgment of her passion, go to form one of the most perfect representations of Shakespeare's fascinating heroine. It is not by comparison that Miss Rehan's Rosalind must be tested, for it stands alone as a unique and original reading of a most perfectly bewitching character, but bewitching from the point of view Miss Rehan adopts, and in which no one can ever rival her. Perhaps no part will ever have so distinct and vivid an impression on modern play-goers as Miss Rehan's Rosalind, for, however doubtful the keenest of critics may be as to the accuracy of the reading of the character, the verdict as to its originality and charm is unanimous. From a purely physical point of view it is a beautiful picture, for the dress is admirably suited to the tall, graceful figure, and she possesses the power which few actresses have of being able to wear men's clothes and to look well in them.

In 1891 we again saw a repetition of Miss Rehan's powers at the Lyceum, and in the *Last Word* she gave a new and vivid picture of her versatility, when she ran from the lightest note of comedy to the deepest pathos, which made a profound impression on large audiences. Night after night she kept the house in peals of laughter at her successful attempts to conquer the obdurate and inaccessible Doctor, bringing tears to the eyes of her audience at the pathetic account of the little dying boy in the last act. Whether Miss Rehan can play high tragedy is a question at present unanswered, but she has a power of pathos of a very high order, and of which we would like to see more examples, and her dramatic power is so great that there seems little reason to doubt that she could essay some of the great rôles of her distinguished predecessors. We are too eager for amusement in these days to wish to see Medea or Lady Macbeth, but it would be of great interest to witness the impersonation of one of the characters by Miss Rehan.

It seems, however, as if Miss Rehan's greatest and most signal triumph was to be left till after a season begun in 1893, and carried on with great fluctuations for months, during which the tide of success ebbed and flowed, and during which period she delighted her audiences with her performances in *The Foresters*, that most poetical and musical of Tennyson's plays, as well as giving us the most fascinating and delightful of Lady Teazles. The final triumph was won when she appeared as Viola in *Twelfth Night*. The character of the masquerading lovesick girl suits Miss Rehan's temperament. Her tenderness, her humor, are so delicate, and Shakespeare's melodious words have never been more beautifully uttered, and the appreciation in England of her performance was manifested as keenly at the end as all through the whole run of the piece. The performance was one full of poetry and charm, and the peculiar timbre of Miss Rehan's voice is delightful in the tender passages of the play, and in many ways the poet gives her somewhat the same opportunities as Rosalind of showing the diversities of the gift she possesses. In all Miss Rehan's acting, quite apart from her genius, one cannot but be struck with the signs of hard and patient work which it shows. She is never careless; the smallest detail is watched and attended to; nothing is ever slurred over; the tones of the voice, the intonation of every word, are distinct to the minutest degree. Her indomitable energy, her restless force, are surprising, and the amount of physical fatigue she has undergone must strike even the veriest tyro in such matters. Of her genius we need not speak, but she has perhaps the strongest personality and greatest vitality of any living actress, and when she is on the stage it is impossible to look at any one else. She conquers by her personality almost superhuman difficulties; how often has one seen her carry the fortunes of a play on her shoulders, and carry it to victory! Some one with great appreciation of dramatic performances and great critical capacity said of her, "Whatever she may be playing, and whoever she may be playing with, one cannot take one's eyes off her when she is on the stage." And it is so; she is the central figure round which everything moves and in which all interest is centred. However wanting we may have been in ready appreciation of Miss Rehan in the early days of her visit to England, she cannot fail to believe now how deeply and warmly we admire one whom we consider by far the most perfect exponent—nay, we should almost say the only Shakespearian actress of the day. If she still retains a feeling of anger at our shortcomings, she must, with the real strength of her generous nature, remember that to her great predecessor, Mrs. Siddons, in her early days, we were equally unappreciative. She can well afford to forgive us now, for she must be well assured that there is no one to whom we give so genuine homage as to her, and, with the inborn wit and sense of fun of her native country, she can affect to laugh at our infatuation when she drags us now in triumph at her chariot wheels; and the triumph is the more complete, in that it is the tribute of a cold, phlegmatic, and critical people, who have been fairly conquered and carried away by her genius.

In any notice of this kind it would be quite impossible to omit some reference of a personal character, and as one of those who have enjoyed the privilege of knowing Miss Rehan one may be allowed to say a few words, which must be short and inadequate, however truly they come from the heart. Apart from the admiration she inspires as an artist there is another aspect of her character in which she is infinitely more attractive. Her generosity, charity, modesty, and her simplicity are only a few of the qualities which have endeared her to many friends in this country. It would be impossible to imagine any one more free from affectation of any kind or more humble as to the standard she assigns to herself. Her nature, like her gifts, is great in every sense of the word. Her devotion, unselfishness, loyalty, and absolute absence of vanity are qualities which strike one most in intimate intercourse with her, for she is absolutely devoid of the weaknesses of many public people—such as a love of popularity and ostentation. To be allowed to do her work quietly, to carry out the ideals she strives for, and to be the friend only of those she likes and respects, are, we venture to say, her only ambitions. To the many public and private appreciations of her genius that have been offered her in England she has turned a deaf ear. But what she has refused to accept at the hands of the public she has received in an unstinted measure from those of every rank and class in England, who have learnt to care for her more and more as they know her better. Of the feelings of the public it is unnecessary to say more. But outside and apart from that universal tribute there are the affection and regard of the smaller but ever-widening circle of real friends to whom she has endeared herself by her great qualities and charms, and whose regret at her leaving England is only exceeded by the real pleasure with which they always welcome her back again.

A PLEASING THOUGHT.

They speak most truly who do say
We have no writing-folk to-day
Like those whose names, in days gone by,
Upon the scroll of fame stood high.
And when I think of Smollett's tales,
Of waspish Pope's ill-natured rails,
Of Fielding dull, of Sterne too free,
Of Swift's uncurbed indecency,
Of Dr. Johnson's bludgeon-wit,
I must confess I'm glad of it!

John Kendrick Bangs.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Barnard College enjoys no monopoly of new deans. Radcliffe College has one too, of a type as different as possible from that so well illustrated by the new dean of Barnard. Dean James Smith, of Barnard, is young and college-bred. Dean Agnes Irwin, of Radcliffe, has about double Dean Smith's experience of life (in years, that is), and got all her learning at private schools or more or less informally at home. Dean Smith comes to New York from hustling Chicago, and Dean Irwin goes to Cambridge from calm Philadelphia, where she has been at the head of a well-known private school, so that in almost all respects they are fit to demonstrate how entirely unlike two deans may be, and yet both be admirable. Radcliffe brags quite as enthusiastically about its new dean as Barnard does. Miss Irwin is described as a very learned and very modest woman, who has all the virtues and most of the accomplishments, but is a human being still. This persistence in humanity may be traceable to the fact that she is the great-granddaughter of that incorrigibly human person Benjamin Franklin. That is as it should be. Learning is important in deans, but human sense is indispensable.

Only a year or two ago the burden of the complaint of the unappreciated Western writers was heavy upon the effete and hide-bound editors of the Eastern magazines. The trouble with literature in the West was proclaimed to be that the magazines all hugged the salt water, and that fresh-water writers got no consideration from them. New York and Boston were scarified then as places where Western talent had no show. It is interesting now to see Chicago begin to be damned with an analagous condemnation. "A Laughing Philosopher" who writes in the *Library Record* of St. Joseph, Missouri, about "Chicago's Literary Mirage," avers that "the fault with Chicago is that land and literature, pigs and poetry, resemble oil and water when an attempt is made to mix them," that "the city is the home of the 'fake publisher,' the 'pirate,' and the prurient novel," and that "it smells high-to-heaven in the nostrils of every reputable Eastern publishing house."

This is quite as harsh a judgment as Chicago writers have been used to pass upon New York, and yet it is offered as "the result of three years' careful study of 'Literary Chicago,'" made on the spot.

Malcolm Peckham, who died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital on May 27th, had his skull fractured on May 15th, and was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where his case was diagnosed as alcoholism, and he was put in the alcoholic ward. His friends wished to have him put into a medical ward for treatment, but had first to take him to another hospital, and get a new and correct diagnosis of his injuries.

Somewhat similar was the case of Henry G. Holt, who was struck with a slung-shot on the night of May 12th. An ambulance surgeon from Bellevue said he was merely drunk, and he was taken to a police station. His friends paid his fine next morning and took him home. He died of a fractured skull on May 18th.

It seems possible that Holt was drunk when he was struck, but Peckham is said to have been an exceptionally abstemious person. When two such occurrences are credited to Bellevue within a fortnight it may not be too much to say, even on mere newspaper authority, that that institution can hardly hope for the patronage of our more discriminating and remunerative families until its standard of diagnosis is considerably higher. Such families may be shy of the Chambers Street Hospital too, when they read that the injuries of Professor Nevins, who was knocked down by a truck on May 23d, were set down at that institution as a broken arm and a contusion of the head. He died on May 27th of a broken neck.

Col. Henry Lee Higginson, who gave the Soldiers' Field to Harvard College, has been giving the Harvard undergraduates some wise counsel as to their behavior when they use it. "Good manners and a sense of justice," he says, "call for a change or two in the ways of Harvard students at games. Cheering a bad play of an opponent is unkind. Cheering to worry an opponent is shabby. Cheering in our home for our men only is at least ungraceful and very selfish."

The sentiments that Mr. Higginson expresses are the natural sentiments of a gentleman, but if he expects any lot of undergraduates not to "holler" when their man makes a three-base hit he expects more than undergraduate human nature can afford. Moreover, this is not a particularly good year to be critical of Harvard cheers. Considering the record of this year's Harvard nine up to date, and the uncertainty that still obtains about the coherence and effectuality of the Harvard crew, it would appear that if Harvard is to split her throat this season she must do it when she can, and must look sharp not to let any feasible chance get by her. Some other year, Mr. Higginson, your generous counsel may be more timely.

Herbert Rowe Bancroft, the manufacturer of history, was made an honorary member of the Society of California Pioneers. But when the Pioneers had time to read some of his histories, they were displeased with some things therein contained, and expelled Mr. Bancroft from their society. Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge made a Washington's birthday oration before the Union League Club of Chicago in 1891. His address was pronounced one of the finest orations ever delivered in Chicago, and the club made him an honorary member in consequence. Very recently, being dissatisfied with certain particulars of his behavior, it has expelled him. In view of these illustrations of the vicissitudes of honorary membership, it need not surprise any one if cautious gentlemen to whom this distinction may be offered in future should make their acceptance of it conditional upon the agreement of the proffering club, duly solemnized by bonds, that no string whatever shall be attached to the honor conveyed. It is presumptuous to anticipate the ruling of the Club Men's Congress on such a matter; but to the average lay mind there is something novel in the idea that, because a man has been made an honorary member of a club, the club has a right to discipline him if he misbehaves. The great beauty of honorary membership, as its attributes have been heretofore understood, has been its unconditional irresponsibility. But if its duration is to be conditional on satisfactory conduct, it becomes a more anxious honor than has been supposed; for though it is no particular hardship to be refused admission to any club, to be invited in and then kicked out is disconcerting. That, under the circumstances, the club in Chicago should have felt it expedient to dissemble its admiration for Colonel Breckinridge was not altogether surprising, but to kick him down stairs seems questionable, and perhaps even actionable, taste.

A correspondent of a London newspaper calls attention to the recent death in England of the woman who sent Florence Nightingale to the Crimea. She was Lady Maria Forester, youngest daughter of the Earl of Roden, who found herself, in 1852, the childless widow of Major Charles Forester, of the Twelfth Lancers. In the winter of 1854–5, while her brother was serving before Sevastopol, she got stirred up about the condition of the wounded, determined to have something done, and was directed to Miss Nightingale as the fittest person to do it. She went to see her, with the result that Miss Nightingale went to the Crimea, and the modern system of nursing began.

Of the one hundred and three members of the British Society of Authors who were advertised as stewards of the society's annual dinner on May 31st, thirteen were women, to wit: Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Sarah Grand, Lady Violet Greville, John Oliver Hobbes, Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, Mrs. Kennard, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Adeline Sargeant, Mrs. Steel, Sarah Tytler, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and John Strange Winter. The very large preponderance of married women among these ladies indicates that even in England matrimony is not found to be a serious hinderance to authorship.

It seems that the great Manchester Ship-Canal was successfully opened by the Queen of England on the 21st of May, but it does not appear at this writing whether her Majesty was able to get through her part of the ceremony without holding her nose. The canal is reported to be as yet the worst-smelling body of water in the known world, and various plans were discussed for making it temporarily tolerable on the day of the opening. In time it is hoped to perfect a system for cleansing it and keeping it wholesome.

Allusion was made in a recent paragraph in this department of the Weekly to the illness of Mrs. Mary Lease, the Kansas politician. Later accounts of Mrs. Lease's condition of health do not bear out the impression there conveyed that her improvement is satisfactory. She is reported to be still so ill that her physicians are puzzled, and her recovery doubtful. Her husband is in despair, and her children, apparently in great need of competent supervision, so that the situation of the Lease family, as the newspapers represent it, forms a moving example of all the evils which the anti-suffragists fear as a result of the admission of women to active political life.

The visit of the Bishop of Derry (Dr. William Alexander) to New York is recent enough to be readily remembered. He came to lecture to Columbia students on the evidences of Christianity, and his lectures, under the title of "Primary Convictions," were afterward published by the Harpers, and were very well received. Published more recently in England (by Osgood, McIlwaine, & Co), the book fairly disarms the criticism of the London *Academy*, which confesses at the close of a well-considered notice: "We had noted down some of Dr. Alexander's remarks upon German theologians, intending to protest against them; but so much in his book is admirable that we must not extend these small cavils. Readers of all sorts and conditions who pick up the volume will be refreshed and delighted; and the theologian will be taught once more by Bishop Alexander to recognize in the poet's gifts of imagination and fancy qualities of unexpected value to himself."

Inasmuch as Octave Thanet's pen-pictures are well known to be true to life, and whereas an Illinois correspondent denies that her description of an American farmer's wife, as quoted in this branch of the Weekly lately, has any application to farmers' wives as he has seen them in Iowa, Arkansas, Nebraska, and at home, reference has been made back to the March number of *Scribner's Magazine* to see just what variety of farmer's wife it was that Octave Thanet described. The "faded, haggard, sallow woman, tired from the weary rising in the dark winter mornings to the crawling from the unfinished pile of mending to the cold room upstairs at night," proves to be the imaginary helpmate assigned to a long, gaunt, stoop shouldered, rusty-haired Kansas farmer seen in the Kansas Building of the Chicago Fair, whose eyes had grown dim waiting for "legislation," whose house was a speck on a boundless prairie, "lonely beyond words to tell," and whose wife (he was heard to say) "hadn't ben real well for five years," but still continued to "git round." But the farmers in the river counties of Iowa, Miss French (Octave Thanet) explains, are in strong contrast to this Kansan, and so no doubt are the contemporary farmers of the Garden State, whose wives our correspondent describes as "happy, handsome, and full of life," enviable dwellers in comfortable houses, where fires in coal stoves or furnaces burn night and day all winter, and windmills pump water for the household.

There ought to be a Badminton book on the management of cable-cars The manipulation of a grip is a form of sport in which a very high degree of skill is attainable, and wherever cable-cars are used it is very much to the interest of the public that it should be attained in the highest possible degree by the largest possible number of gripmen. The interest of the New York public in four-in-hand or tandem driving is feeble compared with its concern in the manipulation of grips. Prizes, promotions, laurel wreaths, badges, or fines and imprisonments—anything that could stimulate the ambition of gripmen to excel in their art—would be enthusiastically welcomed by a tottering public, a considerable share of whose comfort, and sometimes life and limb, depend upon the gripman's mastery of the niceties of his profession.

The Linnæan Society of New York studies birds and mammals. It wants to increase its membership, and incidentally its income, so that it may continue its free public lectures, and may publish annually the more important results of its work. Its initiation fee is two dollars; its annual dues three dollars. Applications for membership should be addressed to the president, Dr. J. A. Allen, at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue, New York. It is by the support of such organizations as the Linnæan Society, which make a study of mammals, that we may hope to learn such things as how to kill elephants the quickest way.

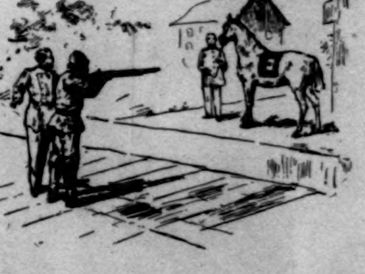
E. S. Martin.

THE INVENTIVE TAILOR.

Grimm's story of the tailor in heaven must occur to many Germans now that Herr Heinrich Dowe, the little tailor of Mannheim, has reached the celestial paths of Berlin that lead to the imperial palace. The Emperor of Germany has taken the greatest interest in his invention of an armor—partly felt or cloth, partly iron—on which the best steel-pointed bullets crumble to pieces when they are fired at it from the best of army rifles.

Let us hope that Herr Dowe will not throw any golden footstools out of the palace windows, and cause the serene gold-stick-in-waiting to eject him from the premises.

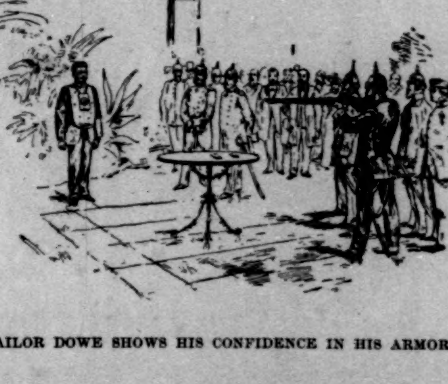
The idea at bottom of Herr Dowe's bullet-proof material is familiar enough, the question of nullifying the blow of a projectile by the use of yielding surfaces has always been considered for the protection of forts and vessels of war. General Jackson's use of cotton-bales at New Orleans was repeated several times during the civil war. And while cotton has the demerit of inflammability, iron and stone breastworks have been generally given up for earth or sand, because the latter offer slow and cumulative resistance. The same principle is used by Herr Dowe to arrest the flight of a bullet. Some time ago he brought his invention to the notice of military men, and was received with as much disdain as befell the Brave Little Tailor in the nursery tale when he met the giant. The giant Militarismus looked with the utmost scorn at the clever tailor, and to his claim of comradeship merely answered: "Du Lump! Du miserabler Kerl!" But the tailor took off his coat and showed the giant that size does not always count in this world.



THE FIRST TEST OF DOWE'S PROTECTIVE SHIELD.

From the first of his present experiments Herr Dowe has exhibited perfect confidence in the impenetrability of his metallic and cloth shield. He asked to wear it and have a soldier fire at him point-blank. The authorities refused, and compromised on an oak stand and a plaster bust. The bust was uninjured. Then the shield was hung against a living horse The animal was quiet at the time the bullet struck the shield, and hardly seemed to know that anything was happening. It was only after these experiments that Herr Dowe was allowed to show the courage of his own convictions by enacting the scene of William Tell's son with a difference. He assured the concourse of experts and military men that he did not feel the bullets when they struck.

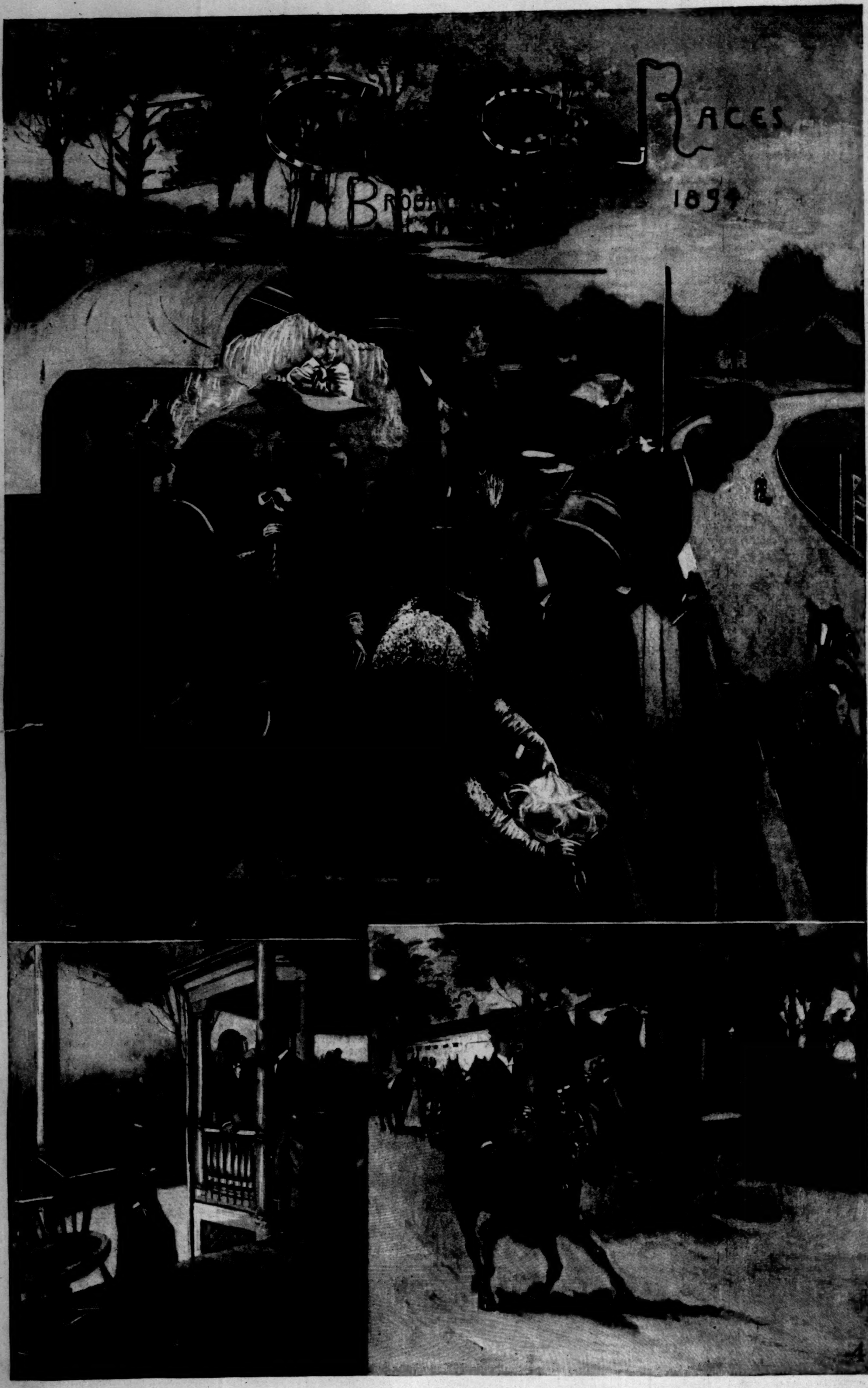
Dowe's bullet-proof cloth is made in part of a compressed material supposed to be hemp, like the prior invention of the Austrian engineer Scarnes, in part of a net-work of iron wire. The wire, it is said, is embedded in the hempen felt. The material is fully an inch thick, and does not bend, so that the term cloth has to be stretched to cover it. One merit was particularly noted during the April experiments. The bullet does not rebound, and does not glance if it strikes the surface at an angle. It sticks in the cloth, and quite fails to indent the inner surface. When the bullet is plucked out it looks all cracked and crumbling, like the inside of a mushroom.



TAILOR DOWE SHOWS HIS CONFIDENCE IN HIS ARMOR.

To utilize this invention a breastplate of Dowe's cloth has been suggested, not for constant wear, but to be kept in the soldier's knapsack, and used in various ways as a shield from bullets. Another use is for parapets and shields for gunners handling big guns in forts or repeating guns on board ship. It is curious how often modern inventions seem to repeat those naturally evolved in the remote past. The Mexicans wore wadded cloth armor, and so did some of the Indian armies encountered by the Greeks. Linen loricas were used by soldiers in Roman armies as a substitute for bronze and iron cuirasses. The main difference between the arrangement of the classic lorica's materials and those of Dowe's shield seems to be that whereas the ancients fastened metal plates or rings on hide or linen, Dowe increases the resisting power of cloth enormously by pressure, and sandwiches the metal between layers of cloth.

In the eternal fight between projectiles and armor the honors just now seem to be with armor.



PONY-RACING.—Drawn by Frank O. Small.—[See Page 534.]

1. The Park Entrance. 2. On the Grand Stand. 3. From the Club Piazza. 4. On the Road to the Stables.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SLOW YEARS.

THE long endless years, crowded with petty episodes and uniformities, and moving like a cumbrous creeping train that stops at every station, flash like an express past the eye of memory. Yet it is these unrecorded minutiæ of monotonous months that color the fabric of our future lives, eating into our souls like a slow acid. When in after-years Matt Strang's youth defiled before him, the panorama seemed more varied than when he was living the scenes in all their daily detail of dull routine, and when, whatever their superficial differences, they were all linked for him by an underlying unity of toil and aspiration.

First came his apprenticeship in Cattermole's saw-mill on the opposite outskirt of the forest. Though he early tired of savagery, he refused, in the dogged pride of his boyish heart, to return to his folks, contenting himself with informing them of his whereabouts. In vain—labor being scarce—Deacon Hailey rode over to offer him a loving home; Matt declined to see the deacon, resentment being supplemented by dread of the old man's inarticulate conversation.

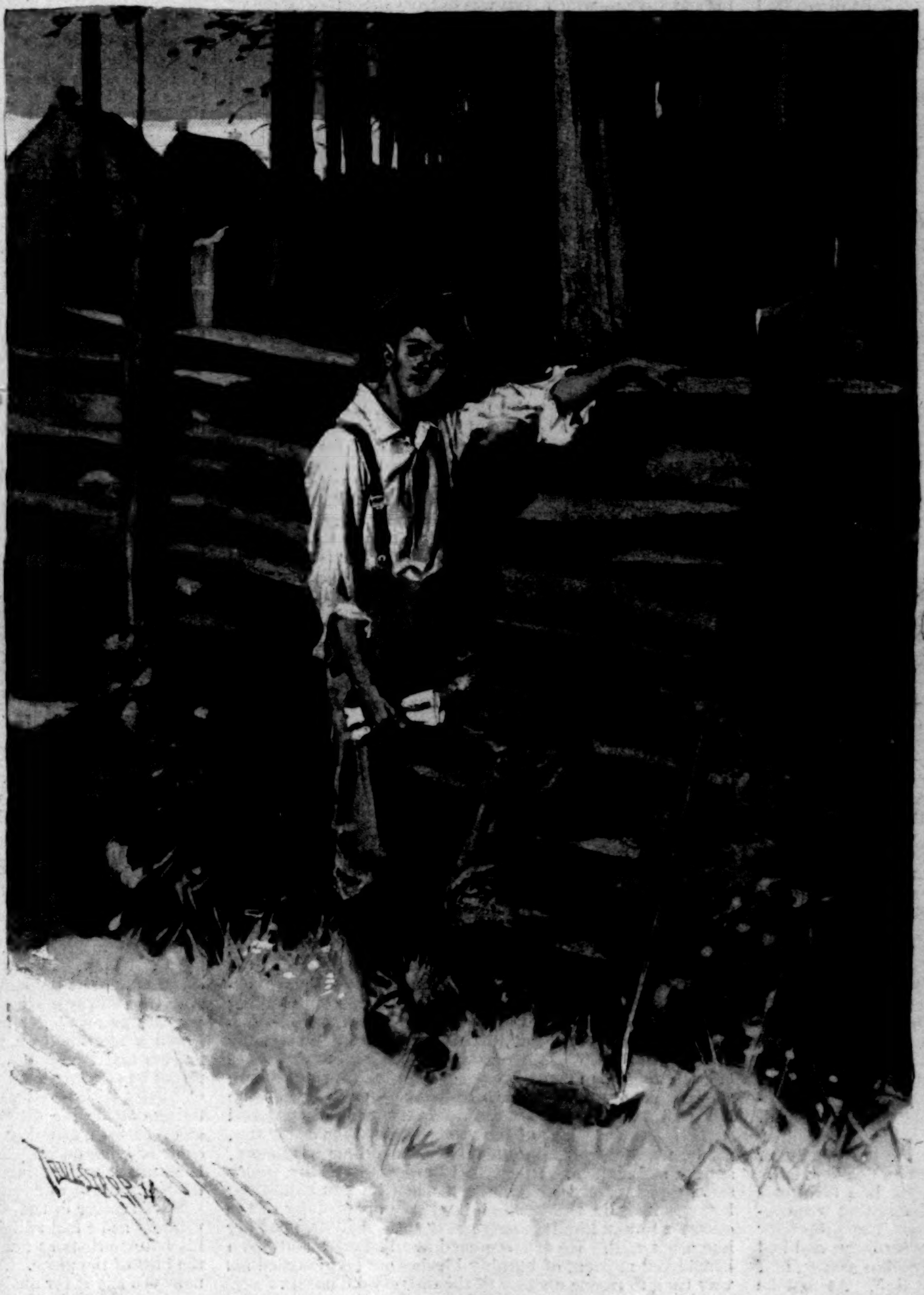
In Cattermole's saw-mill Matt learnt many other things besides mechanical wood-cutting. When he entered it the mill was idle, for the spring freshets had just swept away the dam, and so Matt was set to work hauling brushwood and gravel and logs to build up a kind of breastwork. Cattermole was really a house-joiner and house-builder, so Matt acquired cabinet-making, decoration, and house-building. His farming and cattle-rearing experience was also considerably enlarged. He milked the cows, looked after four stage-horses (driven by Mrs. Cattermole's brother) and thirty-six sheep, cut firewood, cleared out barns, turned churns, hoed potatoes, mowed hay, fed fowls and pigs, and rocked the cradle, and in the interval of running the circular saw up and down in the mill, worked in the paint-shop at the back, graining and scrolling the furniture and ornamenting it with roses and other gorgeous flowers, sometimes even with landscapes. This was his only opportunity of making pictures, for recreation hours he had none. He rose at four in the morning and went to bed at ten at night. His wages were his food and clothes, both left off.

Mrs. Cattermole, who was economical of everything except angry breath, made his garments out of her husband's outworn wardrobe.

But the hours in the paint-shop threw their aroma over all the others and made them livable.

And Cattermole, a simple, religious, hen-pecked creature, though a hard was not a harsh taskmaster, and had gentle flashes of jest when Mrs. Cattermole was out of ear-shot. And though winter was long, yet were there seasons of delicious sunshine, when the blueberries ripened on the flats, and the sap grew liquid in the trees, and the air thrilled with the song of birds, and the dawn was golden.

In one of these seasons of hope he wrote to his uncle of his father's death and his own existence, and Cattermole paid the postage; an ingenuous letter, full of the pathetic, almost incredible, ignorance of obscure and sequestered youth, and inquiring what chances there would be for him to reap fortune by painting pictures in London. He addressed the letter—with vague recollection of something in his school reading-book—to Mr. Matthew Strang, Painter, National Gallery, London.



"I WILL BE A PAINTER."

It was not an ill-written letter, nor an ill-spelt. Here and there the orthography was original, but in the main McTavit had not been ineffectual, and there were fewer traces of illiteracy about the epistle than might have been imagined from Matt's talk. But in Matt's mind the written and the spoken were kept as distinct as printed type and the manuscript alphabet; they ran on parallel lines that never met; and that "Amur'can" should be spelt "American" seemed no more contradictory than that "throo" should be spelt "through." The grammar he had used in scholastic exercises was not for every-day wear; it was of a ceremonious dignity that suited with the stateliness of epistolary communication. Alas! For all the carefulness of the composition, his uncle of the National Gallery gave no sign.

Matt's suspense and sorrow dwindled at last into indifference, for he had lost his ardor for painting. It befell through reading a dime novel which Cattermole the stage-driver left lying about. The sensational episodes stirred his blood, he felt the inadequacy of paint to express the fulness of life. The medium was too childishly simple. At most you could fix a single scene, a single incident, and that only in its outside aspect. Literature palpitated with motion and emotion. He set to work to write a dime novel, stealing an hour from his scanty night. He made but slow progress, though he began with an exciting episode about a white boy besieged in his log hut by a party of Indians, and saved by the sudden advent of a couple of bears. The words he wrote down seemed a paltry rendition of his thought and inner vision, they were bald and scant of syllable. He discovered that his literary palette was even more pitiful than his pictorial. Still he labored on, for the goal was grand.

Then one wonderful day—to be marked with a white stone, and yet also with a black—he received a letter from England. All his artistic ambition flared up furiously again as he broke the seal.

"LONDON, LIMNERS' CLUB.

"DEAR NEPHEW,—Your letter gave me mingled pain and pleasure. I was deeply grieved to hear of the sad death of your dear father. My poor brother had not written to me nor had I seen him since his marriage, but I knew I should somehow hear of it if anything went wrong with him. I am shocked to have remained ignorant for so many months after his death. I really think your mother should have let me know, as she could have discovered my address through my wife's relatives who live in Halifax. However, I hope God has given her strength to bear the blow. And now, my dear Matthew, let me tell you your letter is very childish, and not what I should have expected of a young man of fourteen, as you describe yourself. It is very nice to amuse yourself by painting pictures; it keeps you out of mischief. But how can you fancy that your pictures are worth any money? Why, painting is the most difficult of all the arts; it requires years and years of study under great masters, and it costs a heap of money to pay models—that is, men and women who sit or stand in uncomfortable positions while you are painting them. No picture is any good that is done without models. If you wanted to paint a horse, you would have to hire a horse, and that is even more expensive than hiring a man. Otherwise your horse would be all wrong. Why, a friend of mine painted a picture of a forge, and he had to have it all built up in his studio, and it cost a hundred and twenty pounds. The word studio reminds me that an artist must have a special room to work in with windows on top, and these rooms are very expensive. London is crammed full of artists who have had all these advantages, and yet they are starving. The pictures that you do now everybody would laugh at. And where would you get the money for frames? A nice gold frame might redeem your pictures, but gold frames are dear. No, my dear Matthew, you must not be a little fool. How could you, a poor orphan, think of coming to London? Why, you would die in the streets. No, remain where you are and thank God that you are earning your clothes and your keep with an honest sawyer in a land of peace and plenty, and are not a burden on your poor mother. I hope you will listen to your uncle like a good boy and grow up to be grateful to him for saving you from starvation. Believe me,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"MATTHEW STRANG."

Matt's tears blistered the final sheet of this discouraging document. His roseate visions of the future faded to cold gray, his heart ached with a sudden sense of the emptiness of existence. But when he had come to the last word, his hand clinched the letter fiercely. A great glow of resolution pervaded his being, like the heat that returns after a cold douche. "I will be a painter! I will! I will! I will!" he hissed. And he tore up the embryo of the dime novel, and wrote again to his uncle.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—How good you are to write to me and tell me everything I want to know. Don't be afraid that I will starve in London, dear uncle; I could always earn my living there in the fields, and paint late at night; but I won't come till I have enough money for lessons and models and a studio, though I think I could draw horses without hiring them; I have always been very good at animals. Besides, what do they do when they want bears, as the geography book says there aren't any bears in England? I could live in the attick and knock a hole in the roof. My mother doesn't need anything from me, thank God, as she is married again, and bears the blow well, and my sister Harriet is married, too, so you see it will be easy for me to save up money. As soon as my apprenticeship is over I shall go on to the States, where the greatest fools make heaps of money, and so in a few years, please God, I shall be able to come over like you did and be a great artist like you. Good-bye, dear uncle; God bless you. From your loving nephew,

"MATTHEW STRANG.

"P.S.—When I come over I will change my name, if you like, so as not to clash with yours. I know you would not like it if people thought you had done my pictures.

"P.P.S.—Besides, my real name now might be Matthew Hailey, as mother has changed hers to that."

This letter evoked no answer.

When Matt's apprenticeship was at an end, the first item of his programme broke down, for he lacked the money to carry him to the States, so he had to stay on at Cattermole's farm at a petty wage, though a larger than Mrs. Cattermole was aware of, till he had scraped a little together. And then an accident occurred that bade fair to dispose of all the other items. He was at work in the saw-mill, when his leg got jammed between the log he was operating upon and the carriage that was bearing it towards the circular saws. There would not be room for his body to pass between the gang of saws and the frame-work that held them. It was an awful instant. He cried out, but his voice was lost in the roar of the water and the clatter of the machinery. Round went the water-wheel, the carriage glided along, offering inch after inch of the log to the cruel saws, and Matt was drawn steadily with it towards the fatal point. With an inspiration he drew out the stout string he always carried in his pocket, and making a noose, threw it towards a lever. It caught, and Matt was saved, for he had only to pull this lever to close the gate in the flume and shut out the water. When the machinery stopped, the racket ceased too, and Matt's voice was heard, and Cattermole rushed in from the adjoining furniture manufactory, and knocking away the dogs at the end of the log, lifted it, and released the prisoner, and then made him kneel down and offer a prayer of thanksgiving for his salvation.

Shortly after, Matt bade farewell to Cattermole farm with its complex appurtenances—a proceeding which Mrs. Cattermole christened "onchristian ingratitude." She declared that he ought to strip off the clothes she had made him and depart naked as he had come. From a dim corner of the kitchen Cattermole's face signalled: "Don't mind her. God bless you."

Softened by the saw-mill accident, Matt tramped to Cobequid to see his mother before departing for Boston and thence ultimately for England. He felt guilty, a sort of Prodigal Son, and kept assuring himself of his innocence and economy. The third Mrs. Hailey received him with a rapture that almost surpassed Billy's. She hugged him to her bosom with sobs and told him her grievances. These were manifold, but seemed analyzable into four categories. One, the remissness of Harriet, whose visits were rare, and whose baby had bow-legs; two, the naughtiness of the children, of whom Matt had always been the only satisfactory specimen; three, the cruelty of their step-father in chastising them for the same; four, the deacon's breach of contract in refusing to migrate to Halifax. Her black eyes flashed with strange fire when she spoke of her new husband's crimes and derelictions.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

In conclusion, she besought her boy—the only person in the world who loved her—to go to Halifax instead of the States. It was far nearer, and money could be made just as easily. Her folks lived at Halifax, and though he must not dream of seeking their assistance, for they had been very bad to her, still it would be a consolation to know that he was near her own people, likewise not far from herself, in case of anything happening to either of them. Perhaps she would persuade her husband to move there after all—who knew? Or she might come there herself and stay with him, for a week or two at any rate, and meantime he would write to her about the dear old town. Moved by her lack of reproaches, and impressed into his olden subjugation to the handsome masterful woman, Matt acquiesced. Perhaps his main motives were the comparative cheapness of the journey and the reinflammation of his childish curiosity concerning the gay city.

Matt suffered such tortures under the moral but mumbled exordiums of "ole Hey," of which his unaccustomed ear took in less than ever, that he determined to depart the next morning. The deacon seemed to have aged considerably. His beard was matted and thick, and his shirt front was stained with tobacco juice. For the rest, Matt discovered that most of the children were employed about the farm or the works, and that they had ceased to go to school, the deacon having converted Ruth into a schoolmistress when she could be spared from keeping the books of his tannery and grist-mill. Ruth herself he met with indifference that the stateliness of her unexpectedly tall presence did nothing to thaw. He was surprised to hear from Billy, whose bed he shared that night, and who was more greedy to hear Matt's adventures than to talk, that they were all very fond of her, and that she could romp heartily. But Ruth had gradually grown shadowy to his imagination beside his burning dreams of art, and the sight of her seemed to add the last touch of insubstantiality to her image.

Halifax exceeded Matt's expectations, and gave him a higher opinion of his mother. For the first time his soul received the shock of a great town. The picturesque bustle enchanted him. The harbor, with its immense basin and fiords, swarming with ships and boats, was an inexhaustible pageant, and sometimes across the green water came gentle music from a giant ironclad. High in the background of the steep city that sat throned between its waters rose forests of spruce and fir. From the citadel on the hill black cannon saluted the sunrise, and Sambro Head and Sherbrooke Tower shot rays of warning across the night. The streets throbbed with traffic and were vivid with the blues and reds of artillery and infantry, and the negro and the sailor contributed to the scheme of color. On the wharves of Water Street, which was lined with old shanties and dancing-houses, the black men chopped cord-wood, huge piles of which mounted skywards, surrounded by quintals of codfish and boxes of smoked herrings. In the newly opened Park on the "Point" the wives of the English officials, grand dames who set the tone of the city, strolled and rode in beautiful costumes. The Government House was the biggest and most wonderful building Matt had ever seen, and the fish, fruit, and meat markets were a confusion of pleasant noises.

In such an exhilarating atmosphere the boy felt great impulses surge within him. But, alas! the seamy side of great cities was borne in on him also. He had a vile lodging in the central slums, near the roof of a tall tenement-house that tottered between two groggeries, and here drunken wharfingers and sailors and harlots and negro wenches and Irishmen reeled and swore. To a lad brought up in a godly village, where drunkenness was spoken of with bated breath, this unquestionable supremacy of Satan was both shocking and unsettling. Nevertheless, Matt spent the first days in a trance of delight, for there were picture-shops in the town, and the works of O'Donovan, the local celebrity, were marked at twenty or thirty, and even fifty dollars apiece. They were sea paintings of considerable merit that excited Matt's admiration without quite overwhelming him. On the strength of O'Donovan's colossal prices, Matt invested some of his scanty stock of dollars in a kit of paint at a faery shop with collapsible tubes of oil-color, such as he had never seen before, and delightful brushes and undreamed-of easels and canvases. He also bought two yellow-covered books, one entitled *Artistic Anatomy*, and the other *Practical House Decoration*, which combined to oppress him with his ignorance of the human form divine and the house beautiful, and became his bedfellows, serving to raise his pillow. The nadir of despair was reached when he saw a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds among the collection in the Session Hall.

After a depressing delay he found work in a furniture-shop at the top of an old rambling warehouse that was congested with broken litter and old pianos. The proprietor not only dealt in débris, but bought new furniture and had it painted in the loft. Matt received six dollars a week, half of which he saved for his English campaign. At first he had the atelier to himself, but as the proprietor's business increased he was given a subordinate—a full-grown Frenchman, rather shorter than himself, who swore incomprehensibly, and was restive under Matt's surveyorship. By this time Matt had learnt something of the wisdom of the serpent, so he treated his man to liquor. After the Frenchman had got drunk several times at the expense of his sober superior, he discovered that Matt was his long-lost brother, and peace reigned in the studio.

But Matt did not remain long in Halifax. The Frenchman's jabber of the mushroom millionaires of the States (though he failed to explain his own distance from those golden regions) fired Matt's imagination, and he resolved to go to Boston in accordance with his original programme. He considered he had sufficiently studied his mother's wishes, and her letters had become too incoherent for attention. He was not surprised to hear from Billy that domestic broils were frequent, and that the deacon's proverbial wisdom did not avail to cope with Mrs. Strang's threats of suicide.

And so one fine evening Matt set sail for the city of culture and "Crœsuses." Everything seemed of good augury. Though the expense of the trip had wellnigh eaten up his savings, his heart was as light as his pocket. He was going only to the States, but he felt that in quitting his native soil, the voyage to London, the temple of art, had begun. The moon shone over the twinkling harbor like a great gold coin, and as the vessel spread its canvas wings and glided out of the confusion of shipping, Matt felt that its name was not the least happy omen in this auspicious moment. The ship was named *The Enterprise*.

That night, finding some confusion about the distribution of bunks, Matt lay down on the poop, with *Artistic Anatomy* and *Practical House Decoration* for his pillows, and slept the sleep of the weary, tempered by a farrago of inconsequent dreams.

When he woke up next morning he rubbed his eyes from more than sleepiness. Halifax seemed still to confront his vision—its hills, its forts, its wharves, George Island, the Point, and the great harbor in which *The Enterprise* rocked gently. What was this hallucination?

He soon discovered that it was reality. There had been a head wind in the night, and the ship had dropped her anchor in the harbor for safety.

The incident was typical. In the course of the voyage Matt learnt to know the Captain—a grizzled old sea-dog, with the heart of a cur. The ship was his own, and he sailed it himself to save expense and check dishonesty. There is a proverb about saving a pennyworth of tar, and Captain Bludgeon illustrated it. No man was ever less fitted to walk the quarter-deck. His idea of navigation was to hug the coast, and he seized every pretext for putting in at creeks or ports and anchoring for the night, when the crew would go ashore and come back incapable. The schooner itself was an old tub—a cumbrous dingeylike craft, but sound in timber. Matt had a rough time. The passengers were a plebeian crowd—a score of women, mostly servant-girls and single, fifteen men emigrating to the States, and a few children. There were only six bunks. The mate had given up his state-room—which Matt was to have shared—to some of the women. Those who could not secure bunks herded dressed in a big field-bed, which also accommodated some of the men, likewise sleeping in their clothes. For toilet operations all the women resorted to the state-room, which held a mirror and washing apparatus. Etiquette was free and easy. The food was horrible, the cook's menus being almost ingenious in their unpalatableness. Fortunately, most of the passengers were sick already. Matt had no immunity. All the pangs of his first pipe were repeated, without the moral qualms which rationalized those. He continued to sleep on the poop as often as he could, making friends with the stars; when the night was too chilly he couched on the wood-pile near the stove. They passed the signals and flag-staffs of Cape Sable safely, Captain Bludgeon's face white as the breakers that girdled its barren rock; then, instead of making a bee-line for Boston, the Captain fetched a semicircle, following the New England coast-line and holding on to the apron-strings of his mother earth. Such voyaging he conceived to be sure if slow, mistakenly enough, considering the iron-bound character of the coast.

The passengers, once they had got over their sickness, did not complain; for they had the leisure of poverty, and the prospect of indefinite board and lodging was not unpleasing, and their frequent stopping-places diversified the monotony of the voyage with little excursions. One night, having been driven into harbor by a capful of wind, they witnessed the torch-light fishing. It was a scene that set Matt's fingers itching for the brush—waving torches glittering on the water from dozens of boats and lighting up the tanned faces of the fishers, who were scooping up the leaping herrings with nets. The night was even more memorable, for some of the girls who had landed brought back in giggling triumph many bundles of cured herrings, which they had pilfered from an unguarded smoke-house, and these they generously distributed, so that the whole ship supped deliciously in defiance of the cook.

On another occasion—in the afternoon, at high water—Matt and about a score of the passengers, the majority females, went on shore to pick graybeards, as they called the gray cranberries that grew in the swamps. And they tarried so long that when they came back to the boat they found the tide turned and two hundred yards of mud between them and the water. One of the men tried the mud and sank to the knee in slimy batter. In the end there was nothing for it but to launch the empty boat and then wade to it. The launching was easy, the boat slipping along as on grease, but the sequel was boisterous. Jack Floss, a strapping Anglo-Saxon with a blond mustache and a devil-may-care humor, set the example of giving a woman a pick-aback to save her skirts, and the few other men followed suit, returning again and again for fresh freight. The air resounded with hysterical giggling and screaming, as the women frantically clutched their bearers, some of whom extorted unreluctant kisses under jocose threats of tumbling their burdens over into the mud. One or two actually carried out their threats, but involuntarily, stepping suddenly into a gutter worn by the rains and sinking up to the waist; but the mishaps abated no jot of the madcap merriment; they rather augmented the rowdiness as the women were hauled from their mud-baths. For his part, Matt waded warily, more conscious of the responsibility than of the fun, for he was doing his duty manfully, as became a lad stout, sturdy, and sixteen. His second burden was a slim, pretty servant-girl, named Priscilla, and when he was depositing her, speckless, in the boat, she took the opportunity of the embrace to kiss him in hearty gratitude. Matt dropped her like a hot coal. He felt scorched and flustered, and had a bewildered moment of burning blushes ere he ploughed his way back to rescue another of the distressed damsels.

The next episode in this curious creeping voyage was superficially more critical for Matt. A sudden gale upset all poor Captain Bludgeon's calculations. He was near shore, as usual, and tried to beat into harbor almost under bare poles, but the haven was of a dangerous entrance, narrow, and choked in the throat by a rock, and no one on board had sufficient seamanship to get the schooner in. The mate advised abandoning the hope of harbor, and setting the jib and the jib foresail to make leeway. The Captain swore by everything unholy he would not go a cable further out to sea. The night was closing in, but the wind dying away. *The Enterprise* anchored outside the harbor. But in the night the wind sprang up from the opposite quarter fiercer than ever, and the vessel dragged her anchors and drove towards the rock that squatted on guard at the mouth of the harbor, pitching helplessly in the shifting troughs. In the inky blackness great swamping waves carried off her boats, her topsails, and both houses. Her anchors were left behind her, and part of the bulwarks was likewise torn away. Fortunately her cables held out, as she drove bumping along, though they did not moderate her pace sufficiently to prevent her keel being torn away when she bumped upon a reef. Yet she jolted over the reef and drifted blindly on and on, none knew whither.

Within the schooner the scene was almost as wild as without. The women's screams rivalled those of the wind; the distracted creatures ran up and down the companion-ladder, getting in the way of the crew; the captain went below to quiet them, and did not return. Apparently he preferred their society to that of his own sex. The mate, thus left in command, boarded the companionway to stop the aimless scurrying, and told off some of the crew to help him unload the cargo, which consisted of plaster, and to pitch it overboard. Matt and the cook bore a hand in the work. Not daring to unhatch for fear of being water-logged, they had to pass the plaster through the lazaret.

Jack Floss did his best to comfort the females by profanities. He laughed and hoped the Lord would damn the old hulk, whose fleas were big enough to swim ashore. His cool blasphemies calmed some, but others plainly regarded him as a Jonah.

When the morning light came at last, it showed that they had providentially skirted the grim rock, and were drifting into harbor. The deck was covered with débris and with sand, which the ship had stirred and raked up in her dragging progress along the shallow waters. Piles of grit had accumulated in the corners, and the waves on which she tossed were discolored with dirt. Very soon she passed a little island where a brig lay moored, and with great difficulty—for the sea was still running high—the brig sent her a hawser and made her fast. Then they were enabled to realize further the extent of their luck, for the harbor was strewn with wreckage. No less than seven schooners had gone down, and only two men had been saved. The harbor was alive with boats looking for the dead. Captain Bludgeon, bestriding his desolate quarter-deck, congratulated himself on his seamanship. He arranged with a tug to draw *The Enterprise* back to St. John, New Brunswick, for repairs. The few impatient passengers who could afford to pay an extra fee went on to Boston by the rescuing brig, but the majority stuck to *The Enterprise* and Captain Bludgeon, who was compelled to board and lodge them at a cheap water-side hotel while the schooner was laid up. Thus were the fates kind to these waifs on the ocean of life, who enjoyed the holiday after their manner—plain living and high jinks—and had no need of Satan, or even Jack Floss, to find mischief for their idle hands to do.

Matt, however, was not of the roisterers. He had remained with *The Enterprise*, of course, not having the money to exchange, but the scenery of a new town—and that a rocky town like St. John—was always sufficient business for him, and after a day or two Matt found an even more delightful occupation. He happened to remark to Jack Floss that the ceiling of the hotel sitting-room would be all the better for a little ornamentation, and that worthy straightway sought out the proprietor and expressed himself so picturesquely that Matt was offered a dollar to make the ceiling worthy of being sat under by artistic souls like Jack Floss. Thereupon Jack Floss and everybody else except Matt was turned out of the sitting-room, and the boy, guided by his *Practical House Decoration* in the mixing of colors and the preparation of plaster for the frescoing, stood on a ladder and stencilled one of his imaginative medleys. His fellow-passengers were not permitted to see it till it was ready, but speculation was rife, and the rumor of its glories had spread about the water-side, and on show day the room was packed with motley spectators gazing reverently heavenwards as at fireworks, some breaking out into rapturous exclamations that made the boy more hot and uncomfortable than even the damsel's kiss had done. He was glad he was almost invisible, squeezed into the corner by the crowd. And despite his discomfort, aggravated by a crick in the back of the neck due to painting with his hand over his head, there was a subtle pleasure for him in his fellow-passengers' facile recognition of the torch-light fishing scene which formed the centre of the decorations. The hotel bar did good business that day.

Just before *The Enterprise* started again for Boston a man came to see the fresco, and immediately offered the artist a commission. There was a paint-shop in the railway carriage works, and Matt could have a situation just vacant there at ten dollars a week. Dazzled by these fabulous terms, which seemed almost to realize his ambition at a bound, Matt accepted, and *The Enterprise*, patched up and refitted, sailed without him. Subsequently he discovered that it also sailed without Priscilla, that seductive young person having found a berth as chambermaid in the hotel. Jack Floss, whom Matt gratefully regarded as the architect of his fortunes, had half a mind to stay behind too. He said he wanted to go under, and *The Enterprise* didn't seem to have any luck. But at the last moment he found that he could not desert the ladies.

In the railway carriage shop—a spacious saloon as full of painters as an atelier in the Quartier Latin—Matt was allowed a free hand on great canvases that when filled with flowers and landscapes were nailed to the roofs of the carriages by electro-plated pins. He also decorated the wooden panels with scroll-work and foliage, and gilded the lettering outside the doors. Thus was the citizen fed on art at every turn, standing under his ceiling or sitting on his chair or lying on his sofa or travelling on his railway. Art is notoriously elevating, but as the corrupt quarters of the town continued to flourish, the art must have been bad.

Matt's career in the paint-shop was neither so long nor so pleasant as he had anticipated. His pictures did not please his fellow-artists as much as his employers, and he became the butt of the place. A series of impalpable irritations, almost too slight for analysis, subtle with that devilish refinement of which coarseness is only capable when it is cruel, rendered his life intolerable. Matt's vocabulary was too mincing for his fellow-craftsmen; they resented his absence of expletives, though imperceptibly he succumbed to the polluted atmosphere which had surrounded him ever since he set foot in Halifax, and ultimately bespattered his talk with meaningless oaths. Nor was this his only coquetry with vice, for the daily taunt of "milksop" conspired with the ferment of youth.

"Varnishing day" was his day of danger. It was pay-day, and Matt had boundless money. It was also the hardest day of the six, the wind-up, when all the work of the week was varnished in an atmosphere of sixty degrees, and the poor lad, drunk with the fumes of turpentine, sticky from head to foot, his face besplashed, his eyes stinging, his nose red, and his brain dizzy, threw off his apron and overalls and reeled to the door, and groped his way into the streets to breathe in the glorious fresh air and revel like the rest of his fellows in the joy of life, ay, and the joy of license—the saturnalia of Saturday night. But disgust invariably supervened, and at last, in a fit of anger against himself and his companions, he threw up his berth at the end of a few months. He had saved twenty dollars—twenty stout planks between him and the deep. But the luck that had been his hitherto deserted him. In six weeks he had only one fortunate fortnight, when he carried the hod for a house-joiner, and was nearly choked by the veering round of a little ladder, through which he had popped his head in mounting a bigger.

One by one his twenty planks slipped from under him, and then he found himself struggling in the lowest deeps. The few dollars he had squandered viciously haunted him with added reproach. Too proud to beg, or to go back to the workshop, or to write to his mother, he toiled up the hilly streets in search of an odd job, or stood about the wharves, amid the stevedores and negroes, to earn a copper by unasked assistance in rolling casks into warehouses; and at last, when the gardens were carpeted with autumn leaves, the streets and the wharves became his only lodging, for the patience of his landlord was worn out. Hungry and homeless, an unregarded atom of the scum of the city, he thought with regret of his hut in the woods, and was wellnigh resolved to leave civilization again when the captain of a schooner gave him a chance to work his passage to Economy, on the basin of Minas, twenty-five miles below Cobequid Village. Matt had to make up his mind in a hurry, for this was the last ship bound north before the bay was frozen for the winter, and ships bound south for the States seemed always to have a plethora of crew. The mental conflict added to the pains of the situation; to go north again was to confess defeat. In the moment of crisis he met Priscilla, whose unconcealed overtures turned the scale. Priscilla was in tears at his condition, reproachful at his never having come to see her, and anxious he should come to live on the credit she could procure him at the hotel he had beautified, while waiting more fresco commissions. But Matt's newly acquired misogyny steeled him against the impulsive Priscilla, and he sailed before the mast instead. So that his return northwards was not entirely a defeat. Nevertheless, it was not agreeable. He had no prospects, and nothing to gain but a few days' food and shelter, and the passage was a nightmare of new duties, complicated by seasickness and the weakness of a half-starved constitution. But blusterous as the captain was, by the side of the blubbering Bludgeon, he had his compensations, for he made the voyage before the few passengers had found their sea-legs. Arrived in Economy, Matt was again face to face with starvation. But here Fortune smiled—with a suspicion of humor in her smile—and having already climbed masts and ladders for his dinner, her *protégé* was easily tempted to seek it at the top of a steeple. The steeple, after tapering to a point two hundred feet high, was crowned by a ball, which for years had needed regilding. Unfortunately the architect had made the ball almost inaccessible; but Matt, being desperate, undertook the job. The breath of winter was already on the town; a week more and the whole steeple would be decorated for the season with snow. So Matt's offer was accepted, and, his boots equipped with creepers, the young steeplejack, begirt with ropes, made the ascent safely in the eye of the admiring populace, lowered the great ball, and then himself, and being thereupon given board and lodging and materials, he gilded it in the privacy of his garret. Thus become a public hero, Matt easily got through the winter. He frescoed the ceiling of the Freemasons' Hall, and painted a portrait of the member of the House of Assembly, a burly farmer. This was his first experience of an actual sitter, and he found himself more hampered than helped by too close contact with reality. However, a touch of imagination does no harm to a portrait, and Matt had by this time acquired sufficient experience of humanity to lean to beauty's side. The member pronounced the portrait lifelike, and gave Matt a bushel of home-grown potatoes over and above the stipulated price, which was board and lodging during the period of painting and an order on a store for two dollars. With the order Matt purchased a pair of Congress or side-spring boots; the potatoes he swopped for a box of paper collars. From Economy he wrote home to his mother, and received an incoherent letter in which she denounced the deacon by the aid of fulminant texts. Matt sighed impotently, pitying her from his deeper experience of life, but hoping she got on better with "ole Hey" than she imagined. He had half a mind to look up his folks, especially poor Billy; but just then he got an order from the farmer-deputy's brother, who wrote that he was so pleased with his brother's portrait that he wished Matt to paint his sign-board. He added that although he had not seen any specimen of Matt's sign-writing, he felt confident the painter of that portrait would be a competent person. Matt accepted the new task with alacrity, and got so many other commissions from the shopkeepers (for every shop had its movable sign-board) that he had soon saved fifty dollars, and seemed on the high sea to England. He had fixed three hundred dollars as the minimum with which he might safely go to London to study art. The steerage passage would cost only twenty. Unfortunately he was persuaded to invest his savings in a partnership with a Yankee jewel-peddler, and to travel the country with him. The peddler did not swindle his partner, merely his clients, but Matt was so disgusted that he refused to remain in the business. Thereupon the peddler, freed from the obligations of partnership, treated him as an outsider, and refused to return his principal. Matt thought himself lucky to escape in the end with twenty-five dollars and a cleansed conscience. He went back to sign-painting, but, taking a hint from the Yankee, continued his travels and became a peddler-painter. He was astonished to find that in many quarters his fame had preceded him, and more astonished to discover, finally, that the advance advertiser was his late partner. Whether the Yankee compounded thus for the use of Matt's dollars Matt never knew, but in his kinder thought of the cute peddler the boy came to think himself the debtor, for the dollars mounted one on the head of another, and the heap rose higher and higher day by day and week by week, till at last the magic three hundred began to loom in the eye of hope. Three hundred dollars—saved by the sweat of the brow and semi-starvation, and sanctified by the blood and tears of youth; sweet to count over and to dream over, and to pile up like a tower to scale the skies.

And so the great day drew near when Matt Strang would sail across the Atlantic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LUNCHEON WITH THE CAPTAIN.

To a landsman, or at least to a person unaccustomed to the life on board a man-of-war, there is nothing more interesting than a meal at the Captain's table. In fact, the sensation of strangeness is apt to interfere sadly with one's appetite, there is so much to watch and to listen to. The cooking is always good; in fact, you wonder if the *chef* will continue to find the materials for dainty dishes and toothsome salads when far out at sea. Strange to say, the Captain's table seldom lacks them, no matter where the ship's course may lie.

All about the cabin of a modern war vessel are numerous electric buttons. Each one sounds a signal that calls for certain evolutions of the crew. "General quarters" the Captain can sound by the simple pressure of a thumb. Drums will roll, bugles sound, a few hoarse orders called, and there will be a hurrying of hundreds of feet as the men jump to their stations. Even the cabin will be invaded, and right under your feet may be disclosed the opening to one of the magazines. At any time during a luncheon with the Captain the unexpected may happen, and he can prepare a transformation scene for you as easy as nodding.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

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Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.—[*Adv.*]

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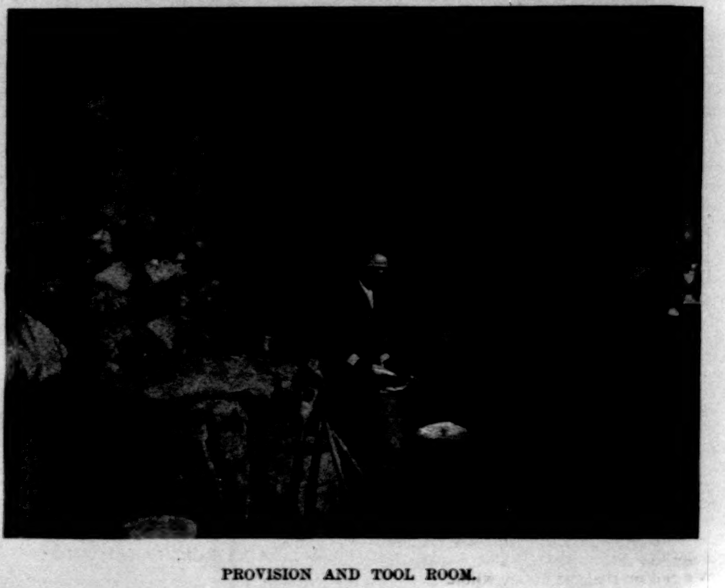


PROVISION AND TOOL ROOM.

THE RELIEF WORK AMONG THE CAROLINA SEA-ISLANDERS.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE OF THE CAROLINA SEA-ISLANDERS.

BY B. F. TILLINGHAST.

ALONG the southeastern Atlantic coast, from Savannah to Charleston, and from Charleston north to Georgetown, the shore-line is very irregular, perhaps more so than elsewhere on the Atlantic seaboard. Savannah, Beaufort, and Charleston, while seaport cities with their large shipping interests, are, in a sense, inland towns. They are reached through rivers, sounds, and bays, and the open ocean is seen only by glimpses if at all. These rivers and sounds cut the South Carolina coast into points, peninsulas, and islands varying in size, outline, and sometimes in general character or formation. If one look at the coast chart he will wonder how the pilots ever learn the channels, and how, having once mapped them, it is possible to follow the changes all the time in progress. The mainland runs into the sea like the fingers on one's hand, and the sea in its turn crosses the fingers and penetrates them like the veins. The water is often fresh or salt according to the ebb or the flow of the tide, and the rivers have two currents, one towards the ocean and the other from it.

There are some ninety of these islands, as they are recognized, but their number is doubled by heavy rains. These islands are wooded with pines and oaks, and the sandy soil produces, when fertilized and attentively cultivated, abundant crops of cotton, rice, corn, watermelons, and a variety of vegetables. An industry which has become profitable during the past few years is taking from the rich beds both on the land and in the rivers their stores of phosphate rock. This business gives employment to thousands, as in the immediate vicinity of Beaufort 160,000 tons of this rock are taken out and washed preparatory to treatment every year. The rice plantations claim much of the tillable soil, and their product may be called one of the two leading staples. The other is cotton; not the common upland kind of Georgia and Mississippi, but the more sought-for Sea Island cotton. During the season of 1891–2 the crop of the islands was 11,501 bales. The past season yielded but about 2100 bales, showing the loss sustained in this one crop on account of the storm. These products are mentioned to show that the Sea-Islanders in fair times are able to support themselves.

The population of these islands is forty thousand or more, depending somewhat on the season and the vigor with which the phosphate mines are operated. Eighty-five per cent. of these people are colored; the remaining fifteen per cent. include the planters and their agents, the storekeepers, the owners of business plants, and some scattered "crackers." As a whole, this population of forty thousand is not well-to-do. It dwells in huts and cabins rather than in houses. It lives contentedly on hominy and bacon, with boiled rice for variety, and sweet-potatoes and chickens for luxuries. The majority of the blacks do not lose sleep because their crops are often mortgaged when they are planted.

The awful tidal wave of August 27, 1893, could hardly have found in the United States a section whose topography was more inviting to its fury. The surface of these islands is, for the most part, a scant five feet above tide-water. Almost everything but the tops of the pines was submerged by a wave which at its highest is said to have reached fifteen feet. Cabins, fences, bridges, boats, and everything not securely anchored were carried out to sea; the growing crops almost ready for the harvest were washed out of the ground or killed by the salt water; desolation spread over the islands.

Prompt measures were adopted for relief, but the extent of the disaster increased as the truth became known. At Charleston and at Beaufort committees were organized, and contributions came to them from the generous North, though business depression then shadowed the country. Much had been done, there was vastly more to do, when, on the 14th of September, Miss Clara Barton, president of the American National Red Cross, with assistants, arrived. Miss Barton came by the united requests of the Governor of South Carolina and the two United States Senators. Accompanied by Governor Tillman, Senator Butler, State officers, and prominent citizens, an investigation was made. This was thoroughly and conscientiously done, even to the taking of a census of the destitute. The islands were districted, distributing centres located, trained nurses and physicians and experienced helpers were summoned. Very soon the Red Cross had an organization nearly perfect, and was familiar with every part of the islands. Delegations of sufferers called at first to present their needs, and later to state what they could get along without. The impression at the beginning was that the Red Cross is a second edition of the old Freedmen's Bureau, a distributing agency. It required six weeks to explain the character of the relief to be given, to impress it upon the sufferers.

It should be stated that more than any other woman was Miss Barton qualified to take charge of the field in person. Not only had she headed the Red Cross relief at Johnstown after the flood, and afforded relief in a score of other disasters, but she had been on these very islands for months during the siege of Charleston in 1863. Duty then called her where the fighting was to be done. During the year she was here she learned the geography of these islands and the character of their people. When she came to help them in peace they knew her and welcomed her.

Of the 40,000 islanders it was determined that three out of four must have some assistance. So the standard ration was adopted for 30,000—a quart of "grits" or cracked corn; for the average family of seven members a peck of grits and a pound of pork every week. These rations have been distributed from October to April. Up to May 1st there were seventeen principal stations for the delivery of supplies, the remotest points by the main-travelled roads being 155 miles. Where rations were sent out during the fall and winter weekly, they have since been distributed by the month. In all charities there are some persons less deserving than others, some impostors. But here every precaution has been taken to sift and separate the really needy from those who protest the most loudly. Those receiving help have been schooled that it is their duty to protect themselves, and they have grown to be, for the most part, very good detectives. Self-interest requires it.

One of the smaller distributing stations was visited. Eight cart-loads were taken from the storehouse the night before, and during the forenoon I saw 55 sacks of grits of 96 pounds each, 385 pounds of bacon, and hundreds of packages of garden seeds and clothing find their way into the right hands. The names were called in alphabetical order, and every item received was checked on the book. So it is merely a matter of reference to trace every article from the warehouse to the cabin. The number of each family and their wants are all matters of record and of constant revision.

To assist in the work of distribution, the Secretary of the Navy has placed at the service of the Red Cross a steam-launch of light draught. Later, the Secretary of the Treasury, with the concurrence of the cabinet, furnished two revenue-cutters, the *Boutwell* and the *Morrell*. Sail-boats and skiffs and other means of water conveyance are also in use. In this way thousands of barrels, boxes, and packages of clothing are sent out. Societies of colored sewing-women have been formed, and when necessary they mend, alter, or make the clothing. In several instances Miss Barton went out and talked to hundreds of women, organizing them, and making them see how much they could do with needle and thread. These colored clothing-makers are supplied with rations, and beyond that are receiving a practical education, such as cooking-schools afford in some Northern cities. There is always an end in view beyond that of temporary relief, and it is to impress upon these people how they can help themselves after the Red Cross leaves the field.

To do nothing more than furnish food and clothing continuously is to pauperize, to render more helpless than ever when the bounty is cut off.

Since the return of spring these people have been instructed in planting. They have been urged to cultivate gardens, and to look to them for support during the summer while growing and gathering their field crops. It is quite a new experience for most of them, and it is therefore an experiment which will be watched with solicitude. In October five hundred packages of turnip and cabbage seed were sent here by the National Department of Agriculture. Application has since been made by the Red Cross for more and more. The public was informed of the various kinds of seeds adapted to this climate, and as a gratifying result the responses have been liberal. One California citizen, Waite Gerry, contributed a car-load of beans. Secretary of Agriculture Morton has furnished a large quantity of many kinds of seed, except cotton, corn, and potatoes. All told, the government has furnished 15,000 packages, and different seedsmen have given whole cases of cabbage, turnip, melon, squash, cucumber, carrot, onion, and tomato seed and pease. Almost every family has planted a small garden. In most instances they have been supplied with hoes and other implements where the planting could not be done without them. With the exception of a few barrels, the Red Cross has gone into the market and bought hundreds of barrels of potatoes. These were cut into pieces by colored women. Four quarts of cut potatoes have been given to each family promising to plant them.

In the way of ditching and road-making a great deal has been accomplished, spades and axes having been supplied by the Red Cross, and the islanders being eager to use them. Thousands of acres of swamp-land have been reclaimed. The rebuilding of 6000 cabins has been looked after. There are no saw-mills on the islands, and so the expense has been considerable, but in spite of that more than 350,000 feet have been issued personally by Miss Barton. But space does not suffice to go into the details of this grand practical work of permanent relief superintended by the faithful and self-sacrificing men and women of the American National Red Cross. That society has never better distinguished itself. Not since the labors of the Sanitary Commission during the civil war has so much been accomplished for the colored race.

THE TURQUOISE DRILLER.

The Pueblo Indians of the Southwest from the earliest times have been fond of the finer ornaments for personal decoration.

The silversmiths with simple forge and tools have produced articles of exquisite workmanship, with a strong feeling of originality and of great variety. The Navajos take the lead in this work, following individual taste rather than conventional design, with the result of unique forms of true artistic merit.

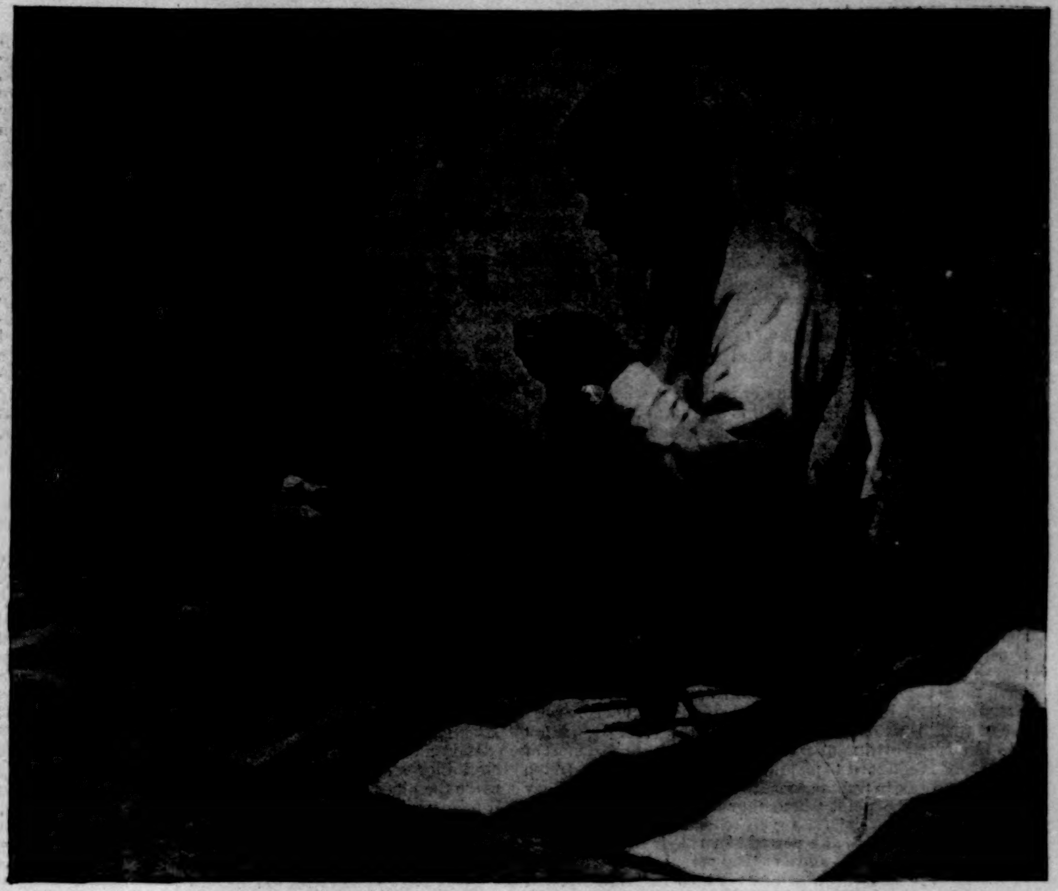
The turquoise is held in high esteem by the Pueblos, as with the Orientals. The novel forms of the beads, alone or in combination with feldspar and pink shells, make necklaces, ear pendants, and armlets of rare beauty, greatly prized by collectors and connoisseurs from an artistic point, though of less intrinsic value on account of the rough holes in each piece.

The illustration is of a Pueblo examining a bit of turquoise ready for the drill. These they rub down on other stones to the desired shape, and bore the holes to string them with a crude though serviceable drill.

The drill is a plain upright stick, with a fly-wheel below the centre, just above which is a cross-piece, with buckskin thongs fastened to each end and through a hole at the top of the shaft. The pressing down of the cross-piece twists the string around the shaft, making it whirl alternate ways, similar to the round tin saw worked with a string through two holes in the centre that everybody is familiar with. On the drill end of the shaft is a fine pointed obsidian or flint arrow-head, which readily perforates the bead that is securely held in the bottom of a small piece of pottery.

This drill, with simply the blunt wooden point worked rapidly in a piece of rotten wood, was one of the old ways of kindling the sacred fire, and is still used in ceremonial rites.

J. H. Sharp.



THE PUEBLO TURQUOISE DRILLER.

AMATEUR · SPORT

No pleasanter sight could greet the eye of the coach of a 'varsity eight than that which met Yale's last year at New London, when the Freshman crew daily tugged at their sweeps alongside the 'varsity. There was in that shell better material than can usually be found in three Freshman classes, in fact, better than is usually discoverable in the entire university, and it was ready at hand to become a backbone for the 'varsity crew of 1894. Much of the worry of trying a host of new men only to find them useless was therefore eliminated from the midwinter task of Captain Johnson at New Haven this year. But the same energy that would have picked out the available material, even under more adverse circumstances, was apparent in the way in which the candidates were tried and shifted—tried and shifted almost daily during their early work, that the most advantageous seating might be secured. Some captains are deterred from making those needed experiments early in the make-up of the crew by fear of seeming vacillating; others by a notion that the college will think them incompetent. No such apprehension evidently existed in Captain Johnson's breast, for he and his coaches hardly allowed the same arrangement to stand two successive days during the early tank-work. Last year Captain Ives had in his January squad but five of the men that eventually pulled in the race, but on March 1st he had taken to the training table seven of his final eight.

The following table tells the story of the preliminary work, and shows that although changes have been made to attain the most advantageous order, the body of men has not been greatly altered.

	January.	February	March.	April.	May.
Bow...	Beard.	Beard.	Messler.	Armstrong.	Armstrong.
No. 2..	Holcomb.	Holcomb.	Holcomb.	Holcomb.	Holcomb.
" 3..	Messler.	Messler.	Beard.	Beard.	Beard.
" 4..	Longacre.	Longacre.	Longacre.	Longacre.	Rogers.
" 5..	Dater.	Cross.	Dater.	Dater.	Dater.
" 6..	Cross.	Knapp.	Cross.	Cross.	Cross.
" 7..	Treadway.	Treadway.	Treadway.	Treadway.	Treadway.
Stroke.	Rogers.	Dater.	Rogers.	Johnson.	Johnson.

Substitutes—Knapp, Messler, Smith.

Longacre has been dropped from the crew on failure to keep up with his studies, and Holcomb, Beard, Dater, Cross, Treadway, Knapp, Smith, and Armstrong were members of that '93 Freshman crew.

While luck has certainly been a large element in having such a boating body as this set of men in a single Freshman class, there is no question that the coaching they received last spring and summer went far toward making them such desirable 'varsity candidates. Sutphen, a former 'varsity substitute, had charge of them, but in addition Captain Ives took a turn at them occasionally, and finally, and probably best of all for their eventual good—although it may not have been always patent to them—"Josh" Hartwell, one of the best coaches Yale ever had, and Mr. Cook, used them as pace-makers for the 'varsity at New London. Such work makes veterans of a crew, and it developed the natural capacity in these boys to a remarkable degree, and put them into Captain Johnson's hands in a well-broken condition. The praise they had received, and the knowledge of their being better than the average Freshman crew, were more difficult to combat than their form in the boat, and there have been times when the coaches must have wished no one had ever said a good word to them. But the especial superiority of these men came, as it must always, from the unusual attention paid them, and emphasizes strongly the advantages to be gained from early and continued coaching of promising material in class crews.

But to return to the 'varsity of 1894. After leaving the tank and its weeks of shifting, and getting upon the waters of the harbor and Mill River, principally the latter, the crew made most satisfactory progress, so that upon Mr. Cook's first spring visit to New Haven it is said he, for the only time in years, expressed himself as pleased with the work of the men, and confident that they would make a good crew. A word of praise from such a competent critic, and at such a period, was indeed gratifying to Johnson, but it was followed by the almost inevitable reaction, and there were times in April when even the most sanguine of the coaches could hardly help thinking of Yale's other heavy and precocious crews. Louis Hull's crew of 1883 made some remarkable four-mile time on the harbor before going to New London. That crew, and George Brewster's of 1891 (which, by-the-way, was about practically the same average weight and height as the present one), were both heavy, and gained the early confidence of the university and of the coaches, only to finish last on the Thames.

This probably explains much of the mental reservation apparent in a Yale man when he speaks of the crew of this year. He seems to be delighted with the present form of the eight, though usually concluding with a "but" of some kind. One says the men have the "big head," another that Johnson's place is not at stroke, and a third that the crew can never win with so heavy a man as Cross in the boat. None of which proves anything against their chances, however, though in truth some excuse can be found for the superstition among the laymen at Yale about crews that run up over 170 pounds in average weight. Taking the record from 1883 down the weights have been as follows: '83, 172; '84, 168; '85, 175; '86, 160; '87, 158; '88, 165; '89, 168; '90, 173; '91, 173; '92, 169; '93, 166¼. Yale lost the races of 1883, 1885, and 1891, while it may be said for 1890 that Harvard's weight was the same as Yale's.

The crew as a whole is a decidedly advanced one even now, as it has been all through the year, but that very finish carries its own penalty in a lack of fire and dash—what is commonly termed "devil." A heavy crew and a crew that has rowed so long as to acquire an element of experience is almost always lacking in "devil," and in need of constant coaching to overcome an almost listless style. This was quite apparent a short time ago when the present Freshman crew came down on the harbor. In them were that snap and eagerness of the first year's crew which count for so much even when the rowing is bad, and which are worth lengths in a race to the finished eight. It is evident that it will require the constant attention of the coaches to keep the present big Yale crew from becoming slow, and indeed to-day it is not getting the speed out of the boat that one would look for in a crew that started with such promise. This is the main danger, for Harvard will be tempted with her far lighter crew to set a high pace from the start, and open up as large a gap as possible, trusting to sand to keep from being caught. The weights, heights, and ages are as follows:

		Weight.	Height.	Age.
Bow........	Armstrong........	160	5 ft. 8 in.	20
No. 2........	Holcomb	177	5 " 9 "	21
" 3........	Beard	175	5 " 8 "	18
" 4........	Rogers	165	6 " 1½"	20
" 5........	Dater	181	6 " ½"	21
" 6........	Cross	195	6 " 1½"	19
" 7........	Treadway..........	175	5 " 11 "	20
Stroke......	Johnson	165	5 " 9½"	22

Average weight, 174.

The crew is rather irregular individually, and there are times when the faults almost disappear only to return again. Armstrong falls over on the catch, and so does Rogers. Johnson has hard work not to reach too far, and the very smoothness of his rowing and his easy getting in make him a bit harder for his crew to follow than was Galaudet. Beard and Holcomb are both short, and it is difficult for them to get the reach. They try to get back, and then hurry to get in. In addition to this Holcomb is yet slow with his hands. Messler, too, has a short reach, and his old tendency to fall behind is in evidence. Treadway and Dater both show symptoms of carelessness—rowing smoothly, but hanging a bit over the catch, while the former is still meeting his oar as he did last year. Cross is in the unenviable position of the heaviest man in the boat, and outsiders are always ready to lay all the trouble upon "that heavy weight in the waist." He is not a slow oar, though he looks like a rather phlegmatic individual, and has better form than any of the heavy weights Yale has had for a long time. But when one undertakes to criticise them individually, one must see that their faults are small compared with those of most May crews, that their rowing is easy, well together, and smooth, and if the boat does not travel it is because they do not pick her up sharply enough. They ought to have, and seem to have, the power even with their weight, but they must get a bigger lap to suit Cook when they get on the Thames.

The story of the Harvard crew does not run so smoothly. Captain Davis found no backbone—not even, indeed, any material ready made—when he got his tank squad together in the spring, nor have the coaches had but the improvement of eight chosen men. Changes have been frequent both in men and in their positions in the boat, and in no year within the last five have the Harvard captain and coach had the discouragements of this year. Indeed, up to within the last three weeks the work has been largely tentative, for only practical experience could decide the desirability of men rowing in different positions and on opposite sides from those at which they had been accustomed to pulling.

Of the score of men who presented themselves in answer to the call for candidates last winter only one, bow, is now with the crew, and of the original dozen that first went to the training table there remain, besides Captain Davis, only Fennessy, Townsend, Bullard, and Purdon. Such a sifting of candidates has not been seen at Cambridge in many a day. Something like twenty men have rowed in the boat, and seat 7 has had four or five different occupants.

However, the men are now settled upon, and unless something unforeseen upsets present calculations, the crew will meet Yale the last of this month as follows:

		Weight.	Age.
Stroke.....	A. M. Kales, '96..............	150	21
No. 7......	E. H. Fennessy, '96...........	167	21
" 6......	L. Davis, '94 (Capt.)............	175	22
" 5......	T. G. Stevenson, '96...........	175	20
" 4......	R. M. Townsend, '96..........	160	19
" 3......	K. H. Lewis, '96..............	167	20
" 2......	C. Bullard, '96................	160	22
Bow.......	J. Purdon, '95................	153	22
Coxswain, P. Day.		Average weight, 163¼	

Kales is a St. Paul's boy, who was substitute on his last year's Freshman crew, and came first into notice by stroking the Sophomore this year. It is said of him about Cambridge that he has stroked eight races and not lost one. He is not a rugged-looking chap, and seems to have no power to spare, though he has shown pluck and staying qualities in each of his races, which were all at two miles. He is by no means a skilful oar, handling his blade rather clumsily, and swinging it too high on the recover, and being easily broken up in his work by a rolling boat. However, he has the much-needed quality just now of snap, and keeps moving all the time. Fennessy, who stroked the 'varsity last year, is a familiar figure in the Harvard shell, and its best oarsman. He has been somewhat strange at 7, not having rowed on that side of the boat since his St. Paul's days, but he has begun just recently to get into it, and is sure to end the season with an enviable reputation. He is one of the prettiest oars in any college boat, has a fine back and good form, and if there is any break in the Harvard boat this year it will not be at No. 7.

Davis, who sat at No. 4 in last year's 'varsity, and was substitute on the '92 crew, is giving better promise this year than at any time when he sat in his old position. His great fault has always been dropping over at the finish, and his time has never been faultless, but he is sitting up much better at the end of the stroke, and steadily improving his general form, especially his time, which becomes the more important in his present seat back of Fennessy.

Stevenson tried for his Freshman crew last year, and pulled No. 5 in the speedy Sophomore eight, which this spring beat the 'varsity on two different occasions over a two-mile course. He comes of excellent rowing stock, his father having been a good oarsman, and one that never knew when he was beaten, but the son has yet to make such a reputation. He is an overgrown boy who does not seem to know how to make use of his 175 pounds, and is exceedingly careless. His time is very poor, and he appears to be unable to keep from kicking out his slide; but that he can pull in much better shape than he has shown recently on the 'varsity his work on the Sophomore crew this year proves.

His form suffers chiefly because of his extreme carelessness, and if he will give his mind to his work and heed what his coach tells him he will be a much more valuable man to the crew.

◆

TOWNSEND, WHO CAPTAINED AND STROKED his Freshman crew last year, is one of the few men who has not been moved, having been in his present seat the entire season. He is an oarsman of considerable experience, having rowed all through his course at St. Paul's, and he is known to have pluck and to be a fighter. He has not, however, recently been rowing in his best form, his chief faults being an inclination to hang on the catch and jerk in his arms on the finish.

Lewis, at 3, has the same failing as Stevenson, of not keeping his mind on his work, and in consequence pulls in very poor time, besides rowing one-sided. He was a substitute on his Freshman crew, and rowed 2 and afterwards at 3 in this year's Sophomore. He is strong and known to be a stayer, but he will have to wake up and give more attention to the business in hand if he is to fill No. 3 acceptably.

Bullard is an unknown quantity in rowing, who never won a seat in a racing shell before this season, though he tried for his Freshman crew. He began at stroke this spring, and staid there for a few weeks, since which he has been gradually moving towards the bow, filling several different positions *en route*. He is stout and strong but slow, and lacks enthusiasm and fire in his work.

Purdon, at bow, pulled 7 on his Freshman crew and 7 in this year's Sophomore, and is one of the best men in the 'varsity boat. He is inclined to settle too much on the finish, but is a clever waterman, and his time is good.

TO WRITE OF THE CREW'S FUTURE, based on its present showing, would simply be filling space to no purpose, and hardly be fair to the men themselves. It is out of all question to expect men who have been shifted about as much as have these eight to be doing smooth work a couple of weeks after they have been definitely settled, especially where only one of them is an oarsman above the average. They are not now (May 31st) rowing over twenty-eight strokes, and most of their work is confined to paddling, with an occasional stretch at thirty strokes, to put the coaching to a practical test. They have reached the point where they can paddle in very fair form, and are just beginning to extend themselves a bit, consequently they are at a period when their rowing is most susceptible to criticism; and a critical period it is too, for only by the most painstaking work of the men individually, and assiduous and patient drilling by the coach, can they develop into a crew that will be other than mediocre. It is not impossible for them to develop into a good crew, but it can only be done by every man in the boat keeping his mind on his work, and working as he never did before. At the present time there is no "beat" to the crew, and with the exception of stroke, 7, and bow, the time of all the men is poor, that of 5 and 3 being especially reprehensible; they hang on both ends of the stroke, particularly on the catch, fail to put the power on promptly, and do not get their blades into the water together or cleanly. A good crew has been turned out before now from material no better than Harvard has, and when prospects were equally discouraging at the beginning. By the united and harmonious work of men and coaches there is no reason why it cannot be done over again this year. The crew go to New London June 9th, and their work in the next week or two will be most important. If they improve as they have in the last week, Harvard may yet be well represented on the Thames. There is no truth in the reported change of stroke; it is practically the same as last year—a continuation of the effort to reach the form Yale has developed to such skill and perfection.

THE COLLEGE BASEBALL SEASON has thus far shown a decided advance in play over last year's work. The teams, Harvard excepted, are all stronger and better matched, and the season, generally speaking, promises a closer and more exciting finish. Placing the pitcher farther from the plate has materially increased the batting, and games have been made thereby more interesting to the spectator, for there are but one or two in the college box who can hold opposing batsmen down to the paltry number of hits secured off Carter and Highlands last year. Harvard, last year's champions, begun play with a weaker team than had represented the crimson in years, and their first games, especially with Princeton and Pennsylvania, gave the impression that they would be kept busy holding fourth place, for Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania all have much stronger teams than last year. Harvard's two victories over Brown, however, showed great improvement in the team's play, while their game against Princeton, May 30th, which they won—10–4, was so consistently good as to raise their prospects to the highest notch.

On the games played thus far the college teams rank Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Harvard, and closely following these are Brown and Cornell. The New England Intercollegiate League, composed of Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst, has shown good ball, and Lehigh, Lafayette, and the University of Virginia form a trio of about the same calibre, while Georgetown now seems to have reached their class. Besides these there are Wesleyan, Trinity, University of Vermont, and several others, including the University of Michigan, which have played some games worthy of note.

It is most gratifying to record that the recent rules of eligibility adopted by most of the leading colleges have made the nines freer from the undesirable element than ever before, while the plan of having an umpire appointed by the National League, neither college to know him until the day of the game, has worked to a charm, and done away with all wrangling.

YALE BEGAN THE SEASON with the most disastrous spring trip in its history, and that, too, after a careful arrangement of easy games that were counted as victories. On this trip Yale managed to win twice from the University of Virginia, and once from the University of North Carolina, and was defeated by Georgetown, the Washington Y.M.C.A., and the Naval Cadets. It must be said, however, that the few days of out-door practice the Yale team had before starting on the trip put them in no condition to meet the Southern teams that had been playing out-of-doors for several weeks. Since this trip the Yale team has lived up to the early promise it gave, and except to the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia (28–18), which was played without Carter's services, has not lost a single game. Yale's old fault of not being able to hit the ball was manifest early in the season, and most of their victories have been secured by superb fielding. This condition of things has not changed materially during the last two months, though a great improvement in batting the past few weeks has made the general work of the team much more even, and now, as a whole, Yale's game is a strong one, better in fact than it was at any time last year. During April, Yale defeated Williams, the Boston League, the Brooklyn League, Wesleyan, Brown, and Columbia; played a tie game with the Boston League, and four innings with the University of Pennsylvania, during which neither side scored. In May, Yale has defeated Amherst (twice), Brown (twice), Wesleyan, Staten Island Athletic Club, the Orange Athletic Club, and Princeton, and has been defeated by the University of Pennsylvania.

YALE'S MOST IMPORTANT GAMES thus far have been with the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton, and the former furnished a decided surprise for both teams, Trudeau, Yale's substitute pitcher, and whose previous work had shown him to be stronger than either of last year's substitutes, being knocked out of the box, with no one to take his place, while Boswell, Pennsylvania's best man, was hit hard enough to win an ordinary game. The fielding on both sides was very loose, on account of the sun, and in this respect Yale suffered most.

The Yale-Princeton (5–3) was a model one from start to finish, and such a one as puts amateur sport in colleges on its proper footing. There was no wrangling of any kind, and both teams played hard clean ball, while the game was won on its merits. Both proved to be stronger than last year, Yale outbatting Princeton, and Princeton clearly outfielding Yale. Carter is doing better work than last year, his greatest fault of not watching bases and maintaining his effectiveness having been remedied. In Greenway, Yale has a better catcher than for years. Carter pitches to him with perfect confidence, and Greenway's throwing is well-nigh perfect. Captain Case is handling the men in excellent shape, setting a good example in batting, base-running (Yale's weakest point at present), and fielding.

THE PRINCETON TEAM HAS PLAYED, until its game with Harvard May 30th, very strong ball from the beginning of the season, the only other defeat it having sustained before meeting Yale being by professional teams, though an unfinished game was forfeited to Brown on a dispute over the umpire's decision. The team seems to combine good stick-work with clever fielding, and has played from the first the best-balanced game probably of any of the college nines.

The most important games they have played were with Harvard and Pennsylvania. The Princeton-Harvard game (12–5), at Princeton, clearly demonstrated their superiority, Altman pitching steady and effectively, while both Highlands and Wiggin were hit hard, in marked contrast to the game Wiggin pitched against Princeton a year ago. The Princeton-Pennsylvania (4–3) game, also at Princeton, was well played, and a hard-fought battle from beginning to end. Contrary to expectations, Pennsylvania going down easily before Altman, and doing very little hitting. Boswell also pitched a good game for Pennsylvania, and had not

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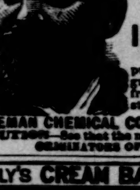

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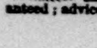

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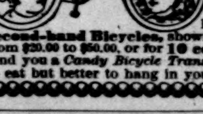

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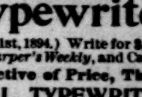

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McKenzie hit for a home-run with men on bases the game must have gone to Pennsylvania. The play showed the two teams to be very evenly matched, and the result of the series remains doubtful. The second Harvard game, which Princeton lost, 10–4, while it proved a remarkable improvement on Harvard's part, likewise showed the poorest form Princeton has displayed this season. It begun, apparently, in great (too much) confidence, and the lead Harvard obtained at the start seemed to upset it completely, for errors followed rapidly. This victory of Harvard necessitated a deciding game with Princeton, which is being played at New Haven (June 2d) while we are on the press. Princeton's chances for winning are the better if it plays its best game, since it should be steadier. Harvard's young team will miss the encouragement of the home grounds, but if they hold together it will be a close fight, and if they win it will be the most creditable victory of any recent Harvard nine.

Altman pitches like a man who has had a great deal of experience; he uses his head well, his speed and curves are good, and he is altogether a better man than was Drake. Williams's throwing is swift and true in practice, but he seems to lose both of these qualities in the excitement of a game, and certainly his display at Cambridge May 30th was not worthy the man who has been considered a good back stop, and a stronger man in the place than Trenchard of last year. Captain McKenzie is playing a beautiful game in left field, and his hitting has been very strong. Princeton has the best chance to win the championship this season it has had for several years, but Yale and Pennsylvania are strong enough to make the outcome very much in doubt, even should it win the decisive game with Harvard.

The University of Pennsylvania has thus far made the best showing of any year, the series of games with the Philadelphia League Club having put the men in splendid condition to meet college nines. Individually the team is a strong one, and it has outbatted almost every team played against, though it is a strange fact that it seems unable to hit away from Philadelphia, its showing at the bat at Princeton and in the few innings played in New Haven being extremely modest. Pennsylvania has won all its minor games except one at Ithaca, where Cornell outbatted it (13–10), and the one against the Orange Athletic Club, at Orange. It has given Yale, Harvard, and Brown the worst trouncing, at Philadelphia, in their history, in each case running the score up into the twenties. Both Harvard games, won by scores 27–7 and 11–3, showed the superior strength of Pennsylvania, but in the May 26th game a feeling seemed to prevail on both sides that the result was a foregone conclusion, and detracted not a little from interest in the play. College men like to see their team fight for every point, and this hardly obtained from a Harvard standpoint. The result of this game, however, has put Pennsylvania one notch nearer the championship, and given it confidence for those which are to come with Yale and Princeton. Coogan's hitting is a vast improvement over his former records. Boswell's work in the box is fairly steady, and the knowledge that he has a strong team behind him increases his effectiveness, but individually he is not an exceptional pitcher. Reese, who pitched most of last year's games, has a lame arm, but is doing yeoman's service in right field. Captain Hollister is doing good work at short stop and hitting the ball hard. Last year Pennsylvania went sadly to pieces during the last of the season, but there seems no likelihood of such an ending this season, and never has it had so good a chance for championship honors.

From the beginning of the season the Harvard team has been a constant reminder of the mistake made last year in giving all attention to graduate students, to the neglect of the younger material. Captain Wiggin and Cook are the only ones left of Harvard's champion team, and the youngsters who have been called upon to fill important positions have needed half the season to get into form. Considering these facts, the crimson has done very well, her improvement the past month being rapid, and in the last two weeks exceptional. Very wisely, the nine took no spring trip, and the opening games were all played at Cambridge, the varied successes met being in no wise surprising, while the defeats at Princeton (12–5) and at Philadelphia (11–3) were to be expected. By hard and careful work, however, Captain Wiggin has made his team equal to twice defeating the strong Brown nine, and crowned his good work by the victory over Princeton May 30th. Captain Wiggin does not seem to be as effective as last year, and will very likely go into centre field, while Highlands, a brother of the '93 crack, will probably be in the box for the championship games. His work in the Princeton game May 30th was very strong, and Scannell, considering his experience, has made a good record. There was a decided lack of the spirit which wins in the Pennsylvania game at Cambridge. Highlands was hit more often than he would have been had he gone in with the intention of winning, and Harvard's green men made some costly errors. Cook played a beautiful game at third, and Boswell's ten bases on balls should have given Harvard more than three runs. Altogether, Harvard's work has been exceedingly creditable, and from beginning the forlorn hope it has reached the point where it has a fighting chance for the championship.

Brown has played much the same kind of a game that it has for the past few years, and given the larger universities good contests whenever they have met. It plays hard skilful ball, and, what is more, it keeps it up, whether winning or losing Unless it goes to pieces, which is not likely, before the end of the season it will easily rank fifth. White and Tenney make a good battery, the latter being a veteran behind the bat, and a sure thrower and hitter. White has neither remarkable speed nor curves, but with Tenney's coaching keeps the hits well scattered. Captain Steeres is playing a fine game at short stop. Brown has won most of her games, except against Yale, Harvard, and Pennsylvania, and was leading Princeton in the unfinished game when the latter left the field.

Cornell's best effort was the defeat of Pennsylvania (13–10), but the latter won from it May 30th—6–0. As a whole, the team is a strong one, and will make a good showing for sixth place, but sadly misses the services of pitcher Priest, who helped it to many a victory last year. It won from University of Michigan, May 26th, and, generally speaking the team is showing improvement in the game.

Williams, Dartmouth, and Amherst, comprising the New England League, have finished their first series of games, and shown about equal strength, with the outcome most uncertain. The teams in this league show fifty per cent. better ball when playing each other than they do at any other time. Amherst started out well by defeating Williams in a one-sided game; Williams got revenge May 30th, having previously defeated Dartmouth twice, and Dartmouth in turn has given Amherst two decisive defeats. Colby, Amherst's last year's pitcher, is out of it for this season, and Gregory, who is left-handed and Colby's inferior, is standing the brunt of the work, while Captain Stearns substitutes Gregory in the box with indifferent success, Williams has a good battery in Lewis and Draper, and an advantage over the other in having a good substitute pitcher. Dartmouth's battery, Dinsmore and Abbott, seem to be able to do all the work required of them, and their showing in the games with Amherst, May 25th and 26th, was very creditable.

Lehigh and Lafayette were even until May 30th, with one game each, when the latter won a rather one-sided game—14–6. Bowie, the old Trinity pitcher, has done good work for Lehigh, and McClung is gaining new athletic laurels by his clever catching. Both teams are rather uncertain, and not as strong as they have been in the past.

The University of Virginia is not doing nearly as well as at the beginning of the season, and the game with Georgetown, May 26th (18–1), spoiled its hopes of getting farther up on the list.

Georgetown University has a very clever pair of pitchers in Dowd and Carmody, Fordham's old man, and started the season with a rush; but they seem unable to improve, and that keeps them in the middle class.

Wesleyan and Trinity are playing about as well as they did last year, neither of them steady, but Wesleyan the more so of the two. Captain Tirrels, its catcher, is a hard worker and its best all-round man. Captain Penrose is Trinity's best man, and his work on third base is clever.

The University of Vermont has fallen much below its record of the past few years, and as most of its games are played on the home grounds with non-college teams, very little is heard of it. Its spring trip was taken as usual, with varied success, and it will come south again in June, and play Yale, Harvard, and Brown, when its work can be better criticised. It has its last year's battery, Pond and Kinsella, which has quite a reputation.

The University of Michigan has learned that not every year can it make a successful Eastern tour, for this time it has not won a victory, playing University of Vermont, Harvard, Brown, Cornell, and Princeton. Its game has been ragged.

Fordham has a weak team, and is easily outclassed by Holy Cross. Columbia is also represented on the diamond this year by a team which plays more for the sport of it than with any idea of ranking well up, and the University of North Carolina gave the big teams some lively games on its Southern trip.

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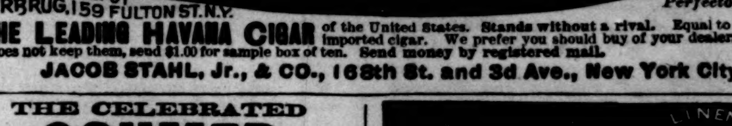

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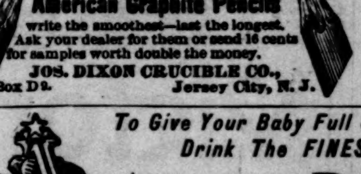

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